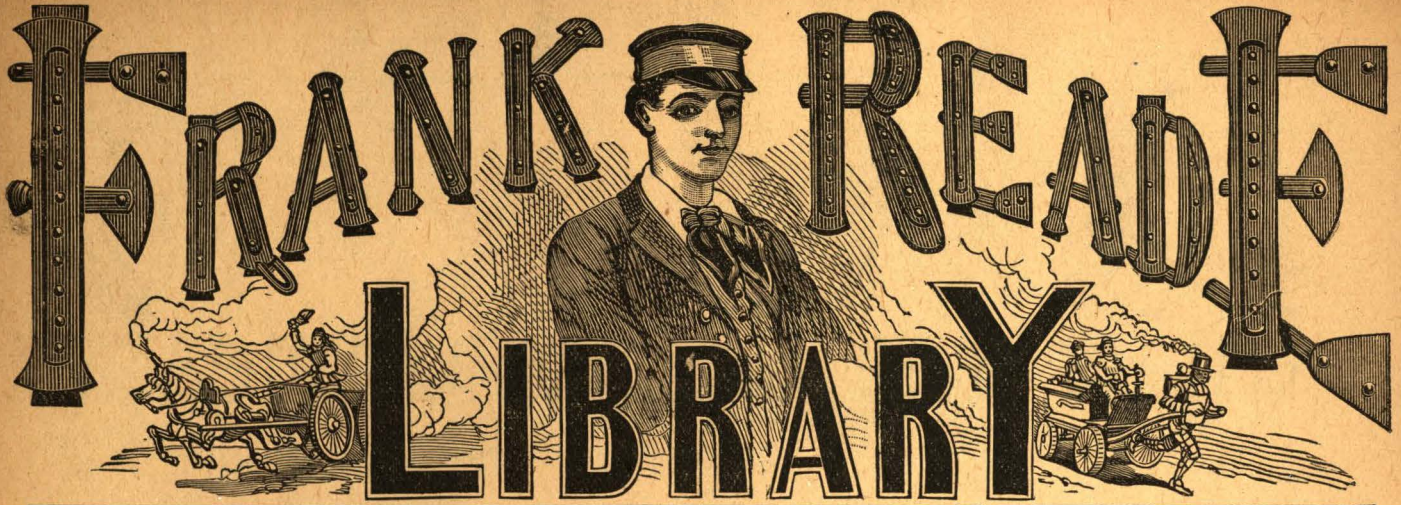


"Noname's" Latest and Best Stories are Published in This Library.



Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, October 5, 1892.

No. 156. { COMPLETE. } FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, NEW YORK. { PRICE } Vol. VI.  
New York, April 2, 1897. ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY. { 5 CENTS. }

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1897, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

# Under the Gulf of Guinea;

or, Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring the Sunken  
Reef of Gold With His New  
Submarine Boat.

By "NONAME."



Quite accidentally Frank swung the head of his ax against a corner of the reef. It shivered a fragment from this corner, and something flashed upon Frank's gaze with dazzling brilliancy. "Jericho!" he gasped. "What was that?" He brought the electric headlight on his helmet to bear upon the shining point. It was yellow ore which he beheld.



The subscription price of the FRANK READE LIBRARY by the year is \$2.50; \$1.25 per six months, post paid. Address FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

# Under the Gulf of Guinea;

OR,

## Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring the Sunken Reef of Gold With His New Submarine Boat.

### A MARVELOUS TALE OF THE DEEP SEA.

By "NONAME,"

Author of "The Silent City," "The Black Mogul," "Below the Sahara," "In White Latitudes," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### INTRODUCING LEONIDAS CRAM.

FROM time immemorial the land of Guinea has been associated with stories and traditions of gold and treasure. In the earliest days hardy navigators crept along the African coast to visit that fabled region, which was popularly supposed to be the entrance to a genuine El Dorado, a land of riches and luxury.

What wonder then that Leonidas Cram, the distinguished scientist of the American school, was intensely excited when he found a certain roll of parchment in the walls of the ruined Cathedral of the Saints at Lisbon. And this roll of parchment contained a most wonderful story of the Gulf of Guinea.

Now every student of geography knows well enough where the Gulf of Guinea is. That long crescent bend in the west coast of Africa, which makes the line of the gold coast also makes the Gulf of Guinea.

Exploring in the ruins of the old cathedral, in ruins since the great earthquake, Leonidas Cram had found the strange roll of MS.

It was clearly and legibly written in Portuguese, and Leonidas had no trouble whatever in reading it. He took very good care that the news of his discovery should not go abroad.

For the Portuguese, like the Spanish, are jealous and selfish, and unscrupulous as well, and it would be safe to reckon that the discovered relic would not have long remained in Leonidas Cram's possession. Leonidas very carefully secreted the MS. about his person until he safely reached his lodgings in the Hotel Catarina. Then in the privacy of his chamber he read it.

We will give it as he found it.

"The Death-bed Tale of Senor, the noble Don Lopez de Medina, faithful servant of his king and his country, which is the sworn truths as given to Fr. Jose. To wit, that Don Lopez de Medina was captain of the caravel Donna Carita in her voyage to Guinea. That a certain sailor, by name Ruiz de Marina, did give the hiding-place of a mighty treasure in a certain part of the Guinea Coast, which treasure had been left there by a Dutch skipper who had been hard pressed by pirates, and had gone back to Holland for men and arms to recover the treasure.

"That he, Don Ruiz, did well know of the cavern wherein the forty bags of gold were hidden, and he did offer thenceforth to convey the captain of the Carita thither with the fair promise that a part of the gold should be his.

"And this deposes that on a certain day the Carita did enter the Gulf of Guinea and the certain cavern being found, the forty bags of gold were found, even as Ruiz had promised, whereat there was much excitement among the crew, some of them becoming mutinous, and demanding a large share that they might desert and go to a town down the coast and live lives of luxury and riotous sort. But Captain Medina would not do this.

"So the gold was therefore taken aboard the Carita, and sail

was at once made for home. But the ship was not clear of the offing when a cry went up that she was sinking, whereat the crew tried to get the gold and escape to the shore, it being all a scurvy trick of theirs.

"But Captain Medina shot down six of the villains, and then there hove in sight a squadron of Dutch, come for their gold, whereat the crew sobered, and as the leak was a hoax and the Carita was not sinking, Captain Medina did try to run his ship past the Dutch.

"But they did close in, and with shots from their heavy cannonades, blew holes in the hull of the Carita, and she sunk a league off shore. Of all her crew but four, with Captain Medina, reached the shore alive. After divers wanderings and much hardship, they managed to hail a friendly vessel, and were taken to Gibraltar, whence they reached Lisbon safe and sound, and there to this day rests the Carita and her gold, and it is the belief of Captain Lopez that, with divers, it might yet be recovered, whereat it is deemed best to send special messenger to the Holy Father at Rome to see what, if any means may be employed to recover the same for the benefit of the Church, with which happy promise Don Lopez de Medina gave up his soul to God."

This closed the statement, and as he finished reading it, Leonidas Cram drew a deep breath, and his eyes shone like stars.

"That gold probably lies to-day at the bottom of the Gulf of Guinea," he muttered. "In those crude days they could never have recovered it; but with our modern diving appliances——"

He closed his lips firmly.

In another week he would sail for America. He knew that it would be the height of folly to attempt to fit out an expedition from any Spanish port.

He would wait until he got to New York. There were plenty of trusty spirits in his own country whom he could enlist in the enterprise.

It would be easy to fit out a small bark, and with experienced divers sail quietly into the Gulf of Guinea. The latitude and longitude were marked on the back of the manuscript.

For the next few days, Leonidas Cram was in a feverish state of mind.

He carried the valuable manuscript next his body so fearful was he that it might be taken from him. And so it would have been had any Portuguese official learned that he had it in his possession.

Leonidas did but very little more relic hunting in Lisbon.

He hailed the day that the Esmeralda sailed from Lisbon for New York. He was upon her deck.

Not until she was well into the Bay of Biscay did he feel easy. And when she reached mid-Atlantic he was happy.

The prospect of recovering the treasure of the Carita was an alluring



one. Already Leonidas began to lay golden plans as to what he would do with the money.

He was a young man with a not very large income. He had left college two years previous, and since then had spent much time in travel.

This had enabled him to gratify a penchant for curio-hunting. He had a large collection and was constantly adding to it.

But this was his last year abroad. Circumstances demanded that he at once choose some calling which would enable him to increase his income.

But the finding of the MS. in the old cathedral had opened up new prospects for him. He was willing to risk all he had in the attempt to recover the sunken treasure.

So building golden plans for the future, Leonidas failed to count upon any possible accident as a bar to his success. Time and tide seemed all going his way.

But one night in mid-Atlantic an awful cry went through the ship. It was such a cry as can find a parallel nowhere else.

"Fire! Fire!"

Frantic passengers rushed for the deck. Panic-stricken sailors fled from their posts and made for the boats. All was confusion and horror.

The captain alone had self-possession. But he was impotent to stem the tide. His orders were naught.

And the flames unfought spread rapidly from stem to stern. Leonidas, pale and horror-stricken, could only do what others did, namely, throw himself overboard with a plank as a support.

All through the long night he clung to this. Day came and he saw nothing but a white expanse about him.

Not an object of any kind could he see upon it. For aught he knew all his companions had perished.

And during that day of suffering and horror no sail came within hailing distance. Night came again and found him nearly exhausted.

Leonidas felt for the parchment next his body. It was there, and a fearful wave of despair swept over him.

Must he die in this awful manner? Was the gold under the Gulf of Guinea forever to remain there?

Night once more shut down over all. Leonidas grew more and more exhausted. A drowsiness came over him, a total disregard of all else, and he was slipping from the plank, when a white light flashed about him, and a voice with a rich brogue was heard:

"Och, hone, Misther Frank, it's a man on a floating plank! Shure, howld on, me friend, an' we'll have yez out of that!"

Then Leonidas knew no more.

When he came to, it was like being in a dream. He saw the luxurious furnishings of a cabin about him; he was reclining upon a divan, with warm blankets about him.

For a moment he stared about him blankly. He had no distinct recollection of the past.

There was only a vague sense that he had been drifting in a mighty expanse of water; that it had closed over him and ended all.

Yet he was not dead. He knew this by the scene about him. But where was he? What strange transformation was this?

He experienced a powerful desire to rise. With a mighty effort he succeeded in doing this and sat up on the edge of his bunk.

Then his head swam for a few moments, but as his gaze cleared he saw a man coming through the cabin door. He was a short, square-shouldered Irishman with hair of brick red.

"Whisht now, me hearty!" cried the Celt, rushing towards him. "Phwat are yez ather doin'?" Shure it'll be the death av yez to get up now!"

"Who—who are you?" hoarsely asked Leonidas as he allowed himself to be forced back among the blankets.

"Shure I'm Barney O'Shea, at your service. Don't yez fear me, fer I'm an honest man."

"Where am I?" persisted the other.

"Yez are safe on board the Neptune, sor, Misther Frank Reade, Jr.'s submarine boat, bound fer Cape Town and the Injin Ocean. Does that plaze yez?"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE WONDERFUL SUBMARINE BOAT.

BUT Leonidas passed a hand across his brow confusedly, and went on:

"What does it all mean? How did I come here?"

"Shure we found yez driftin' about on a plank in the middle of the say," replied Barney. "Av I hadn't dived for yez jist thin, small chance there'd be for yez to be here jest now."

"You saved my life?"

"Well, mebbe yez cud say so."

Then like a flash Leonidas' brain cleared.

"Ah, I remember!" he cried; "the ship was on fire! We had to leap overboard! I drifted on a plank for two days, and then—I remember nothing more."

"An' that's enough, gossoon," said Barney, soothingly; "jist take another bit av a shleep an' yez will be all roight."

Leonidas accepted this advice. He sank into another slumber from which he did not awake for some hours.

When he finally did awake he was much refreshed, in fact, quite another person. The desire was upon him again to get up.

But another person was by his side this time—a tall, handsome young man with intellectual features and a distinguished air. He smiled as Leonidas opened his eyes and said:

"You will be all right very soon now. Do you feel better?"

"I feel quite well, thank you," replied Leonidas; "and now I must express to you my deep gratitude——"

"Do not speak of it," replied the young man in the same pleasant manner; "we were very glad of the opportunity. But I would not rise yet. We have some refreshment for you, and then, if you are able, we shall allow you to get upon your feet."

Leonidas sank back.

"I can never repay you," he said. "To whom am I indebted?"

"To nobody," replied Frank; "but if you wish to know who I am—my name is Frank Reade, Jr., and my home is Readestown, U. S. A."

"You are an American?"

"Yes, and you——"

"I am the same!"

Then Leonidas briefly told his story, omitting, of course, anything about the Gulf of Guinea. Frank Reade, Jr., listened with interest.

"Well," he said, "I am sorry that we are not going your way to America. But our course is shaped for the Cape of Good Hope. However, at Cape Town you can find a steamer for America, no doubt, or perhaps we may speak one on the way thither."

"Thank you," replied Leonidas.

Further conversation was interrupted by the bringing in of the refreshment, a hearty meal, elegantly cooked by the third member of the submarine boat's crew, named Pomp.

Then while Leonidas ate, Frank Reade, Jr., told him of the wonderful character of the craft aboard which he was.

It was a submarine boat, able to sail under the water as well as upon the surface. It was driven by electricity, and had many wonderful features which we shall dilate upon later.

And as Leonidas listened, a sudden wild and startling thought came to him. It concerned the treasure of the Carita, under the Gulf of Guinea.

Was it fate which had placed him aboard the Neptune? How easy it would be for this submarine boat to accomplish the recovery of the gold?

It could be done much more easily than by the method he had devised of employing divers. For some while Leonidas revolved the matter in his mind.

Of course, these submarine voyagers were comparative strangers to him, yet he could not doubt their honor.

In any event he must confide his secret to somebody. He could not hope to recover the gold without assistance.

And why not as well put his trust in Frank Reade, Jr., as in anybody else? His mind was quickly made up.

An hour later he was able to get up and dress himself. His strength was quite well restored.

He felt much like his old self, and moreover an exultant hopeful spirit was upon him. But before he accepted the alternative of telling his story to Frank Reade, Jr., or making plans to return to America, he took a look over the wonderful submarine boat.

Frank accompanied him and showed him every detail.

The Neptune in shape was plain and wide of beam, with a high stern and a blunt bow. Her keel was so built, that she could rest upon the ocean's bed without danger of keeling over.

Her hull was of plates of steel, strongly riveted. She was thoroughly air and water-tight, with doors and windows utterly impervious to a leak.

Her deck was smooth and broad, with guard rails wherever needed. Aft was the main cabin, a high structure rising above the deck, and furnished with huge plate glass observation windows.

Forward was a dome-shaped pilot-house, being directly over the engine and dynamo room. Here the entire mechanism of the boat was handled with the aid of a key-board.

Above the pilot-house was a huge search-light capable of throwing a ray two miles on the open sea.

The interior of the submarine boat almost baffles description.

Every convenience which ingenuity could devise or necessity suggest was there. It was a literal floating miniature palace, and nothing more could be desired.

While on the surface ports and windows admitted plenty of air. But when the boat was hermetically sealed and under water this supply could have lasted but a brief while.

And the result would have been suffocation, but for an ingenious device of the inventor.

This consisted of a series of tubes and valves extending through every part of the boat and connecting with chemical generators. These latter gave forth a constant supply of pure oxygen, and by their chemical action also consumed the vitiated air as fast as it was formed.

A more remarkable invention could hardly be imagined. The voyagers while under water were thus safe.

The method of lowering, or sinking, and raising the boat was simple. It consisted of a couple of tanks fore and aft.

These were instantly flooded to sink the boat, and emptied by pneumatic pressure to raise it. So nicely was this machinery adjusted that the Neptune could be held in suspension anywhere under the surface.

Such is a meager description of the Neptune. We will leave it to the incidents of the story for a more exact description.

Leonidas was delighted with the Neptune and its appointments. He could not smother his admiration.

"Really, Mr. Reade," he said, "you must be a wonderful inventor



to have produced so remarkable a vessel. It has eclipsed all efforts made heretofore."

"Yes," admitted Frank modestly; "for all other attempts have failed. Before we reach Cape Town I will give you the experience of sailing under water."

Then Leonidas gave a start.

He did not hesitate to at once make his plunge. He said:

"Mr. Reade, I have a very important and marvelous tale to tell you."

Frank gave a start of surprise and looked keenly at the other. They were at the moment in the main cabin.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed.

"I feel sure I can trust you!"

"Is it a secret matter?"

"Of the most inviolably secret kind," said Leonidas, impressively; "in fact it concerns a sunken treasure!"

"A sunken treasure?"

Frank gave a start, and a smile half of amusement played about his lips.

"Yes," continued Leonidas, growing more serious. "I have the evidence of it, in fact the very location here in my pocket. It is a mighty treasure, the gold of the lost Carita."

With this Leonidas produced the roll of parchment from his bosom. He gave Frank a quick glance.

"Do you read Spanish?" he asked.

"Well," replied Frank, slowly, "only passably well."

"I think then that you can read this," said Leonidas, calmly. "Let us try. I will decipher all with which you are not familiar."

The manuscript was placed upon a table, and Frank ran his eye over it. He found it comparatively easy to read.

He was not a little surprised at its contents. When he had finished he was silent a moment.

"Well," asked Leonidas, anxiously, "what do you think of it?"

"Do you believe it is authentic?"

Leonidas was astounded. The force of the query staggered him.

"Why—I—what do you mean?" he stammered. "You don't doubt the genuineness of the manuscript?"

"I have no reason to doubt it," replied Frank. "I know not where it came from, you do. If you are sure of the authenticity of this account, then you are indeed upon the track of a mighty fortune."

"I am sure of it," cried Leonidas. "I would wager my life!"

"I wouldn't do that. But—what do you propose to do?"

"I had thought of returning to New York and rigging out a diving outfit."

"Pshaw! the Carita may be half a mile under water!"

"That is true," agreed Leonidas, "and that is why I have laid the matter before you. With your submarine boat you could easily reclaim that gold."

"Yes," agreed Frank. "I could easily do it, if I could find it. I think I understand you. You wish to interest me in this project."

"With a fair division assured!"

"Very good!" replied Frank; "it is a promising adventure. Moreover, it is on our way to Cape Town. It will trouble us but a little to run into the Gulf of Guinea!"

"So I thought!" cried Leonidas, eagerly. "And—"

"Enough!" said Frank, giving him the parchment, "it don't take long to make up my mind!"

"And that is—"

"Rest easy. We will go!"

Words can hardly express the delight of the young scientist. From that moment he recovered quickly. He could see only the hand of fate in the incident which had placed him aboard the submarine boat.

It seemed to him an augury of success, and already he saw the Carita's treasure before him, and felt that he had become a modern Croesus.

It was a golden dream, and whether it was destined to find realization or not, only time could tell.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MOORISH PIRATE.

ALL this while the Neptune had been steadily forging her way southward toward the Madeira Islands. These came into view a day later.

Frank reckoned that at their present rate of speed they should reach the Gold Coast within ten days.

A strong head wind was blowing now, however, and threatened to delay them.

As the days went on Leonidas was afforded a chance to get well acquainted with his rescuers. He was much taken with Frank Reade, Jr., whom he speedily began to regard as one of the most wonderful young men in existence.

Barney, the Irishman, and Pomp, the negro, were the jolliest of souls.

They were the warmest of friends, though exceedingly fond of playing practical jokes upon each other.

Leonidas quickly made warm friends with them, and spent many pleasant hours in the galley with Pomp, or in the engine-room with Barney.

"Shure, that Mистер Cram is a very dacint gintleman," declared Barney. "I'm afther loikin' him well."

"Golly, youse right, I'ish!" agreed Pomp. "An' I'm glad that he has become one ob our crew."

So with this happy state of feeling aboard the Neptune, the explorers drew every day nearer the Gulf of Guinea.

No stop was made at the Madeiras, Funchal being left to the eastward, and now the Canaries and the mighty peak of Tenerife hove into view.

Two days later Frank announced that they had crossed the Tropic of Cancer, and with a glass sighted a long, black line on the eastern horizon.

"That is the west coast of the Dark Continent," he said, "and that mighty headland must be Cape Blanco. We shall sight Cape Verde next."

"And then—" exclaimed Leonidas.

"We shall gradually swing around into the Gulf of Guinea."

"Ah, that will be a welcome time," declared Leonidas in a transport; "then we may expect to locate the sunken treasure."

"If we have luck!"

"I do not believe that will be denied us!"

Just then Barney appeared in the door of the pilot-house. He held a glass in his hand, and as Frank turned toward him, said:

"Shure, that's a quare lookin' craft out fernist the land, sor. Did yez cast yer eye upon it?"

"A craft?" exclaimed Frank. "I saw nothing of the kind! Where is it?"

"If yez will be afther coming forward with me, I'll show it to yez!"

Frank stepped forward and Barney pointed to a distant, dark blur against the horizon. With his glass Frank saw that the Celt was right.

It was a strange looking vessel.

As well as could be seen at that distance, it sat low in the water, with low bulwarks and slanting masts. Its sails were all spread.

And its speed seemed phenomenal. As it glided along the horizon it was seen to be gradually drawing across the course of the Neptune.

"It is some curious coaster," declared Frank; "probably a Moorish vessel, perhaps a slave ship. Many of that class venture down this way."

"Begorra," muttered Barney, "she luks to me loike as if she was thryin' to cut us off!"

Frank gave a start.

"Do you think so?" he ejaculated. "I can hardly see what she can gain by doing that."

"Shure, sor, she mebbe thinks we are some small pleasure yacht, or something av the kind, and manes to give us a hard thry."

Frank smiled grimly.

"Let her try it," he muttered; "we shall see about that!"

Barney put on extra speed now and altered his course. To his surprise he saw the distant Moorish vessel do the same.

At once the Celt became satisfied that she really meant to head off the submarine boat. That she was a pirate Barney strongly suspected.

The race went on with great intensity. It was hard to tell which had the best of it.

But the wind favored the distant vessel greatly, and she made a hot race. Finally a long headland showed in the distance.

"Cape Verde!" declared Frank. "Now let us see if our pursuer really means business. Slack speed, Barney!"

The Celt obeyed, and the Neptune ran easily in the long rollers.

The Moorish vessel had crossed her bow and now came up on the outside, not three miles away.

She lay over and reduced her sail area. It was plain that she was waiting for the Neptune to come alongside.

Frank no longer had any doubt that she was a pirate. Also that she meant to attack the Neptune.

He went into the pilot-house and took the wheel himself.

Leonidas was just a bit nervous.

"Is there no risk, sir?" he asked.

"None whatever, if they have no cannon," replied Frank; "and I don't believe they have. Ah, now you can see their true character!"

At that moment up to the peak of the Moorish galley there ran a black flag. Her rail swarmed with an incongruous mass of men.

She veered and came clumsily over toward the Neptune. But a half mile lay between the vessels.

Frank yet made no change in the course of the Neptune. He allowed the pirate to come nearer.

Now they were within speaking distance. A fellow in the shrouds of the Moorish vessel shouted some unintelligible jargon. Nobody could understand him.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Leonidas. "We never can talk that language. He must speak something different!"

"It is the Moorish tongue," said Frank, "but most of these Moors understand Spanish!"

So he shouted first:

"Parlezvous Francois?"

No answer.

"Sprechen sie Deutsche?"

No answer still. Then he called:

"Haban ij Espanola?"

"Si, senor!" came back the ready reply. Then in excellent Spanish: "What craft is yours?"

"The Americano submarine boat, the Neptune," replied Frank.

"What is your business with us?"

"Lower your gangway, Americano. We must come aboard you!"

"Not if I know it," retorted Frank. "No pirate will ever set foot on the deck of the Neptune. Go on your way, and save trouble!"

A jeering laugh came back.



"Lay to, Americano. We shall board you flying if you don't. You cannot escape."

Frank hesitated a moment. He knew how easy it would be to put on extra speed and run away from the pirate. But he was not satisfied with this.

It occurred to him that this wolf of the seas should suffer destruction ere its fangs could rend some helpless victim. Why was it not his duty to see to this?

He believed that it was. He had always an aversion to the taking of human life. But to send the black craft and her crew to the bottom of the sea could be no crime.

However, Frank was disposed to give the wretches a chance. So he hailed them again:

"Listen to what I say!" he cried. "You do not know whom you are attacking. This is a submarine boat, and can travel under water as well as upon the surface. I can sink your vessel and send you all down to death, but I will give you a chance. Pull down your black flag and I will give you all time to get to the shore before I sink your ship. You can have your lives!"

For a moment the Moorish pirates were silent. Then a chorus of jeering yells came back.

The black vessel swung around nearer to the submarine boat, and then a volley of rifle bullets came rattling against the Neptune's hull.

Frank saw that it was of no use to endeavor to treat with the wretches. They meant to destroy the Neptune if they could.

So he cried:

"Into the cabin everyone! Close the windows and doors, Barney! Press lever number 6."

It is needless to say that the order was instantly obeyed. The next moment the Neptune gave a lunge and went beneath the surface.

Down she sank in forty fathoms of water. For an instant upon going beneath the surface all was dark. Then Barney pressed another lever.

This set the cabin and all parts of the boat ablaze with electric lights. It was a wonderful transformation.

The astonishment of the pirates at the sudden sinking of the Neptune must have been great. But to them the submarine boat had gone to its doom.

It was the first time that Leonidas had paid a trip to the bottom of the ocean, and to him it was a wonderful experience.

He rushed to the observation windows and stared at the wonderful spectacle below.

He saw the forests of sea weed, the dunes of sand and grottoes of coral, each with its millions of organisms, its strange shell-fish denizens, and the vast droves of fish of all sizes and colors.

It was like a glimpse at some part of a veritable wonderland, and he gazed at it spellbound.

As for Frank Reade, Jr., he was considering what move it was now best for him to make.

It would have been an easy move for him to have affixed a torpedo to the hull of the Moorish vessel, and to have blown it and its crew to atoms.

But again he forebore.

"Perhaps when they see my power," he muttered, "they may come to their senses and offer to make terms. I will give them another trial."

So he sent the Neptune once more to the surface. This time the Moorish pirate was seen to be a few hundred yards to leeward.

But the attention of the pirates had been claimed by another object.

Around a headland a small, white-sailed craft had crept.

It was easy to see that she was a coast vessel from some of the small ports—perhaps from Sierra Leone—and that she was to become an easy victim for the pirate.

In fact, the latter had not as yet even noted the reappearance of their former would-be victim.

Exciting incidents were at hand.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE WAR-SHIP.

THE little coaster made a lame attempt to put about. But the pirate was swooping down upon her like a vulture.

The spectacle made Frank's blood boil.

"That's it!" he cried. "Why did I not sink her at first? I might have known how it would be!"

He sprang quickly into the pilot-house.

"Shure, sor!" cried Barney, "phwat will yez do?"

"Sink her!" said Frank resolutely, as he brought the Neptune about with a quick pressure on the lever.

And away she scudded after the pirate. The latter did not see her until she was close on her quarter.

Then a great yell went up. A volley of fire-arms came from her deck, but did no harm.

It must have been a great surprise to the pirates to see their foe back from the deep. Certainly they betrayed consternation.

The coaster now bore in toward the shore. The pirate was still following her when Frank sent the Neptune down under water again.

She passed directly under the hull of the pirate vessel. Frank was able with his torpedo valve to place a bomb directly in the wooden planks. A lance on the end of the bomb permitted this.

Then away went the Neptune under the water, and paying out the electric wire for several hundred yards. Then the submarine boat went to the surface.

A glance showed Frank that he had been none too soon. The pirate was almost upon the coaster.

It was like a huge black hawk swooping down upon a white dove. The scene which would follow the boarding of the coaster, could easily be imagined.

Blood would run on the decks of the coaster like rain. The Moorish pirates seldom spared their victims.

The voyagers on board the Neptune were greatly excited. None were more so than Leonidas Cram.

"What do you think, Frank?" he cried; "will the torpedo work?"

"If it does not, then woe to the crew of that coaster," said Frank. "Their fate is eternally sealed. But here goes!"

He quickly connected the wires with the key-board. Then he held his finger upon an electric key, ready to send the current which should explode the torpedo.

It was a moment of suspense. The nerves of all were on edge.

Then Frank said:

"Now!"

He pressed the button; what followed was thrilling in the extreme. The black ship gave a convulsive leap in the water, there was an upward column of spray, and the rending of planks. Then she swung around with a great gaping hole in her hull, and began to fill and go down.

And the crew, panic-stricken, began leaping overboard. The water was black with them. How many safely reached the shore was never known.

But the pirate ship went to the bottom. She had committed her last offense. She would be known no more upon the Main.

A great cheer went up from the crew of the Neptune. It was answered from the deck of the coaster.

Evidently the latter took the submarine boat for a war vessel or a torpedo boat of the American navy. They set a signal flag expressing thanks and went on.

Frank was not anxious about cultivating their acquaintance. He had done his duty and that was enough.

He now stood out from the land and again shaped the Neptune's course for the Gulf of Guinea. All had the satisfaction of knowing at least that they had made one good stroke for humanity.

Being now south of Cape Verde, they gradually bore to the eastward around the great bend in the coast as far as Sierra Leone.

Then they struck out boldly into the Gulf of Guinea.

At last the desired spot was reached. It was now only left for them to locate the spot where the Donna Carita had gone down.

Leonidas and Frank sat up half of one night trying to figure out the ancient plan of reckoning given by the manuscript.

It was by no means an easy task, nor were they certain of success. The old-fashioned methods of reckoning latitude and longitude varied greatly from the modern.

But after a long spell at it finally Frank decided upon the figures, and the submarine boat traveled for the spot.

The next morning at daybreak she lay two miles off the Gold Coast in a choppy sea. Frank was completely befogged.

"According to my interpretation of those figures," he said, "the treasure-ship lies yet five miles east of here, and that would be far inland."

Leonidas was chagrined.

"That is hard luck!" he said. "I fear we are going to have trouble with that old chart."

"It looks to me as if we would have to depend wholly on guess work!"

"Of course, that means a long and vague search!"

"Yes, but maybe not fruitless!"

"That remains to be seen!"

Leonidas was plainly very much disappointed. He hardly lost courage, but was yet somewhat downcast.

If they could only have located the exact spot as per the chart, it would have made the recovery of the treasure almost a certainty. There was the possibility that a couple of centuries of drift might have buried the treasure vessel in the sea sands.

In this case it would be like looking for a needle in a haystack to find her. However, there was offered no alternative.

They must either abandon the quest or go on at random. The former plan was not to be considered.

So Frank was about to lower the Neptune, when suddenly Barney put up his hand and shouted:

"Shure, Misther Frank, phwat do yez call that?"

All eyes were turned in the direction indicated by the Celt. Around a headland a vessel had suddenly glided into view.

She was a noble-looking craft, too, with great clouds of smoke puffing from her funnels. The sun glinted upon her steel turrets and conning towers, and across the black nozzles of her powerful guns. She was a war vessel of the modern steel class.

Startled for a moment the voyagers gazed at her with interest and wonderment. At first they looked for the Stars and Stripes, or even the English Jack at her main.

But the green and white color of her hull showed that she was neither American nor English. The flag of Castile flew at her peak.

"A Spaniard!" exclaimed Frank, "as I live! I wonder what she is doing in these waters?"

For a moment the voyagers exchanged startled glances. Then all looked at Leonidas.

"Of course it has nothing to do with us," said Frank.

"To the contrary, I am by no means sure that it has not," said the young scientist, quickly; "if the government of Spain should learn



that we were here in these waters in quest of the Carita's treasure, you may be sure she would send a vessel here?"

"How would they ever learn that you were here for that purpose?" asked Frank. "Did you let anybody know that you had found the manuscript?"

"Not a soul!" declared Leonidas. "I know of no way by which it could be known—unless some spying thief was concealed in my room at Lisbon and heard me read it, or got a look at it."

"Could that have been possible?"

"Possible, though hardly probable. However, in Spain you never know what moment an assassin or a thief lurks at your heels."

Frank drew a deep breath.

"Well," he said, "I think it would be well to speak this war ship and make sure whether this is her purpose or not."

"And place yourself in their power!" said Leonidas, with a shrug.

"Ah, you do not know the Spanish people as I do. They are a bad lot."

"We'll see about that," said Frank, grimly. "I am not so sure that they can get us in their clutches. We may be just as sharp as they are."

"Very well," said Leonidas, quietly; "try the plan."

The words had barely left his lips, when there was a distant boom and a ball came cutting across the bows of the Neptune.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Frank, "they are not going to stand on ceremony, are they? They are looking for us, or for someone else!"

"I don't know," said Leonidas, "but I have a feeling that they are looking for us!"

"In that case," said Frank, "it would be impolite to deny them. Give them the signal, Barney!"

"Aye—aye, sir!"

The Celt signaled the war ship, which rapidly drew nearer. She made truly an imposing spectacle as she came alongside.

The little Neptune ran right up under her quarter, for Frank knew that he would be safer here than within the sweep of the guns. Then the war ship's gangway was seen to be crowded with Spanish marines and officers.

One of the latter, a small but dark-complexioned little martinet, descended the gangway, shouting:

"Come up to the landing—I want to board you!"

Frank, however, did not see the point. He stepped out forward of the pilot-house and answered:

"What right have you to board us?"

"The right given me, sir, by the government of Spain!" replied the martinet in good English.

"Well, the government of the United States gives me the right to deny it," replied Frank.

"Are you a government vessel?"

"No, sir."

"Who are you?"

"This is the American submarine boat, Neptune, and I am her master—Frank Reade, Jr."

"How many torpedoes do you carry?" asked the Spanish officer cautiously.

"That question is impertinent," replied Frank; "it is none of your business!"

"Oh, you Americans are sharp!" said the Spaniard tauntingly. "Now, as it happens, I know well who you are and what your errand is in these waters!"

## CHAPTER V.

### THE SECRET IS OUT.

FRANK could have laughed scornfully at the Spaniard, but he checked himself, and replied with tact:

"Knowing that, what do you propose to do about it?"

The Spaniard was staggered.

"Diablo!" he exclaimed; "you cannot deny that you have come here to look for Spanish gold, which lies under the waters of this gulf and which my government claims. You will disturb it only at your peril."

Leonidas gave a gasp.

"Well, I never!" he muttered; "how did they ever find that out?"

Frank was silent a moment. Then he asked:

"How did you make such a remarkable discovery, my friend?"

The Spanish officer laughed derisively.

"The walls of a Lisbon house have ears," he said. "Lisbon guides have keen eyes. They are faithful to their king and their country, and the story is brought to him."

Frank saw that it was no use to conceal anything further.

"Well," he said, carelessly, "what have you come here for? To prevent our recovering the gold?"

"Not so, senior, but to claim it in the name of Spain."

"I suppose you think we will give it up!"

"You will not dare refuse!"

"What if we abandon the quest?"

"Then we shall pursue it ourselves, for the manuscript found by you is not the only record extant of the loss of the Carita and her gold. We have the other record taken from the government archives at Madrid. Only we warn you to desist in your quest, unless you agree to surrender the treasure to my government."

"Do you reckon this treasure belongs to your government?"

"We claim it."

"Your claim is no better than ours, and we refuse to recognize it," replied Frank, sharply. "You will interfere with us at your extreme

peril, for the U. S. Government protects her subjects in all parts of the world, and Spain would be very easy game."

With dignity Frank re-entered the pilot-house, but he did not allow himself to once lose sight of the exigencies of the moment.

He knew the treachery of the Spanish nature. He knew that at the moment no other vessel was in sight, and they were upon the coast of Africa, thousands of miles from America.

One shot well directed from the big guns of the war-ship, would be sufficient to settle all argument forever. The fate of the Neptune and her crew would never be known.

The Spanish officer went sullenly up the gangway.

"Keep your eye on the deck, Barney," said Frank, keenly. "Tell me at once if anything out of the ordinary happens there."

"Shure, an' I will, sor!"

Leonidas, meanwhile, had recovered from his stupor at the strange unveiling of his secret. He could only imagine how it could have happened.

It was no doubt the treacherous work of his servant, Alfonso. The wretch had carried the story to the authorities, with the hope of getting a rich reward.

That he had managed to get a look at the manuscript after Leonidas had retired, there was no doubt. Why he had not stolen it was a mystery.

However, the secret was out. The Spaniards were onto the game as well—yet Leonidas had yet the best of it.

He had the submarine boat enlisted in his service, and this was certainly a mighty advantage. What the Spaniards could do to offset this remained yet to be seen.

The name upon the war ship's bow was Hidalgo. She was one of the best cruisers in the Spanish service.

Meanwhile, the two vessels had begun to drift apart. Once more a hail came from the Spaniard's deck.

"Capitan Americano, will you deliver up to Spain four-fifths of the Carita's gold, should you recover it?"

"Not a doubloon," replied Frank. "Spain is entitled to no part of it. Recover it yourselves if you want it. The sea is wide. To the finder belong its treasure."

"That cannot be denied," said Leonidas; "look out, Frank. They mean treachery!"

Leonidas' cry was just in time. One of the turrets of the Hidalgo had begun to slowly turn.

A moment more and one of her guns would have covered the Neptune.

But Frank acted swiftly.

He made a signal to Barney, who instantly swung the tank lever open. Down plunged the Neptune out of danger.

Down she went to the bottom of the sea. It was fully seven hundred feet deep at this point.

It would have been easy for Frank to have placed a torpedo under the Hidalgo, and to have blown her out of the water. Had Spain really been at war with the United States he might have done this with a relish.

But he refrained.

However, had any of the party been on the surface they would have seen the Spaniard making tracks for the open sea, for she evidently feared the possibility of the torpedo.

Had she been in the place of the Neptune there is no doubt but that the treacherous deed would have been done.

But the American does not fight that way. He believes in action at all times fair and square.

The Neptune went down to within fifty feet of the bottom.

The electric lights showed all surrounding objects quite plainly. The bed of the ocean here was a beautiful sight.

Shells and corals of brilliant hues lay about in the glistening sands. There were great reefs of coral and long ridges of rock.

Suddenly Leonidas clutched Frank's arm.

"Look!" he gasped.

Down in the shining sands there could be plainly seen the ribs and decayed keel of a ship. All else about it had long since gone to decay.

"The Carita!" said Leonidas, positively. "Her gold is buried there in the sands! Chance has rewarded us!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Frank; "don't you believe it! That is some other old hulk!"

"Why not the Carita?"

"Well, of course, it may be, but I doubt it."

"We must investigate."

"We will," agreed Frank; "lower the ship, Barney. If we have hit upon the Carita truly we are in luck!"

Leonidas was so excited that he hardly knew what to do. He danced about like one in a dream.

Down sank the Neptune. She rested upon the sands near the wreck. Then Frank said:

"Bring out the diving suits, Barney."

"All right, sor."

The Celt was not long in obeying this command. These were Frank's own invention, and a vast improvement upon the ordinary diver's suit.

It had neither life line nor air-pump. The helmet connected with a knapsack-like reservoir upon the diver's back. Here was generated the purest of oxygen just as the cabin of the Neptune was supplied.

Frank donned one of these and Barney assisted Leonidas to put on another. They were now equipped for the submarine journey.

Barney and Pomp were to remain aboard the Neptune and keep the



search-light's rays upon the wreck. The two divers carried each a pick, an ax and a spade. Then they entered a vestibule and closed the cabin door behind them.

Frank turned a valve which flooded the compartment with water. Then he opened the outer door and walked out on deck.

At first Leonidas had some difficulty in getting used to the pressure. But he finally overcame this.

They left the Neptune and approached the half-buried wreck. Little was left of it save the ribs and the keel.

They carefully examined these and then began work.

Leonidas selected a mound of sand, and began to dig into it. As he turned the sand over, he uncovered various objects.

These were iron fragments of the ship, and even a seaman's cutlass was found. But though they dug for a long while, no gold was unearthed.

But Frank made a discovery which at once put an end to further research. He unearthed the figurehead and a section of the sunken ship's bow.

And on this there were iron letters now rusty with age and the action of the water, which read:

"Sea Gull, Portsmouth, England."

It was not the Carita after all. Of course the disappointment was a keen one to Leonidas.

But he dropped his pick, and, placing his helmet close to Frank's, shouted:

"We are wasting time here. It is lucky you found that name, Frank. Let us give up this job!"

"I am with you," declared the young inventor. "I was afraid we were upon the wrong scent. This was not so large a vessel as the Carita, from description."

"I should say not. Shall we go back to the Neptune now?"

"One moment."

Frank turned and scrutinized a distant dark line through the water. He pointed to it.

"Do you see that?" he exclaimed. "I believe it is one of those disappearing reefs peculiar to this coast. At times it will rise above the water. At other times it is fathoms deep."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Leonidas. "That is queer! The result of the tides, I suppose?"

"No, I think not. It is some curious phenomenon which nobody has ever been able to explain. We have plenty of time—let us go over and take a look at it."

"Indeed! I shall be glad!"

With this the two divers crossed the intervening space quickly to the reef. And as they approached it they were impressed with its wide ramifications.

They seemed to cover a mighty area. There were deep cuts and passages, caverns and grottos, and cliffs and precipices.

It was by no means an easy task to climb over the slimy rocks, and once Leonidas slipped over the verge of a fifty-foot precipice.

In open air he might have been killed. But falling through the water is a different thing.

He went down as light as a feather and touched the jagged rocks below quite safely. After that he had no fear.

But Frank, in clambering over the reef, made a sudden startling discovery.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE REEF OF GOLD.

QUITE accidentally Frank swung the head of his ax against a corner of the reef. It shivered a fragment from this corner, and something flashed upon Frank's gaze with dazzling brilliancy.

"Jericho!" he gasped. "What was that?"

He brought the electric headlight on his helmet to bear upon the shining point.

Then his heart almost stood still.

It was yellow ore which he beheld.

That arm of the reef was one solid lump of it. And what was more, as near as he could judge it was—gold!

For a moment he stood gazing at the glittering particles in a sort of dazed manner.

Then with his ax he chipped off a few more pieces.

He went along the reef and dealt light blows at intervals. It was the same story.

The whole reef seemed one solid mass of gold ore. He had made a wonderful discovery.

By the strangest of chances he had hit upon a submarine mine. This was, no doubt, a thousand fold richer in treasure than the moldering wreck of the Carita.

Now, the discovery did not act upon Frank Reade, Jr., as it might have upon many another man.

He was uncommonly well blessed with wealth, anyway, and had small need for more, yet there is a powerful fascination about the unearthing of gold which claims human interest.

So he continued his research for some while, before it occurred to him to acquaint his companion with the discovery. When he looked around for Leonidas, he was not in sight.

Then a sudden thrill of alarm came to Frank.

Could harm have befallen him? He at once started in quest of him. Sliding down the reef, he soon reached the lower sands.

But, arrived there, Leonidas was not to be seen. Shouting was out of the question. One could not be heard a full yard distant.

Frank became worried.

He feared muchly that harm had come to the young scientist, and chid himself greatly for having allowed him to get out of sight.

A narrow opening between the two parts of the reef now showed itself to him, and he slid into it. He followed it for some yards.

Then a fearful spectacle met his gaze. For a moment his heart stood still.

A sort of little labyrinthine cavern yawned to his right. In this he saw a flash of light.

It was the helmet lamp of Leonidas, but the young scientist was in a fearful position. A monster, which seemed a cross between a sea turtle and an octopus, had him in its horrid clutches.

A great yawning jaw was ready to receive him, when Frank made action. With an inward groan of horror and desperation he seized his ax and sprang to the rescue.

He made a savage blow at the monster's green head. It struck a hard, shell-like substance which almost turned the blade of the ax.

But the blow actually seemed to stun the creature. It relaxed its grip for a moment on Leonidas.

Frank grasped the young scientist by the shoulder and pulled him out of danger.

Then he made savage blows at the sea monster.

Not until he had destroyed it did he cease.

Then he turned to see Leonidas sitting up, just having recovered his senses.

He was quickly on his feet.

He was not injured, though it had been a narrow escape. Frank placed his helmet close to the other's and cried:

"What did you wander away alone for? It is dangerous."

"I plead guilty," replied Leonidas. "It was the spirit of research; but this is a lesson. Shall we go back?"

"Not until I have told you of a wonderful discovery I have made."

"You?"

"Yes."

"Not the Carita?"

"No—a treasure a thousand times greater!"

Leonidas stared at Frank through his helmet window. He could not believe his senses. What could the young inventor mean?

Finally he asked:

"What sort of a treasure? I do not understand you."

"Gold! Enough to buy a European kingdom. This whole reef is one solid mass of ore."

Leonidas clutched Frank's arm.

"You are jesting?"

"I never jest."

"Do you mean it?"

"Every word."

"Prove what you say."

"Come with me."

Frank led the way back through the narrow passage. When they reached the outer reef he struck the combing with his ax and knocked off a fragment.

He gave it to Leonidas.

A glance was enough for the young scientist. He saw at once that it was pure gold ore. For a moment his hair literally stood on end.

"Gold!" he muttered, "it is a submarine reef of gold."

"You are right," agreed Frank, "and there is enough here to buy a kingdom."

"We can work it."

"With ease. We will make gold as common as copper in the markets of the world."

"It can be done!"

"Certainly!"

Leonidas was in a literal fever. He strode up and down the sands excitedly. He examined the particles of ore again and again.

Then he said, finally:

"Let us go back and tell the others. We must make some preparation for mining at once!"

"All right!" agreed Frank, "lead on!"

They left the reef and started for the Neptune. It was at this moment that an awful thing happened.

There was a sudden, dull booming, a sensation like that of an earthquake, and the two divers were picked up as if by giant hands and hurled onward.

Powerless they were to resist, and how far they were carried they never knew. Nor could they even guess what force it was which hurled them on.

It must have been a mighty tidal wave, or a suddenly created undertow. It was fortunate that each had instinctively clung to the other, else they might have been forever separated.

On and on they were whirled in the fearful vortex. Then the powerful current subsided and they rested gently upon the sandy bottom.

But the reef was not in sight, nor was the submarine boat.

How far they had been carried from them it was not easy to guess. But the awful horror of their situation filled their souls.

This excluded all else. They were lost at the bottom of the ocean. How far away the Neptune was could not be guessed.

Of course, Barney and Pomp would make a search for them.

But they had only one chance in a thousand of finding them. They might cruise a lifetime in those depths without getting a trace of them.

Horried, the two divers clung to each other. For a time neither could speak.



Then Leonidas said:

"Frank, how far were we from the shore when we descended?"

"About two miles!"

"Had we not better try and walk ashore? Can we do it?"

"We might do it," said Frank, "but the chances are we never will. We have not the points of the compass."

This was true.

They might all the time be walking only further into the depths of the sea. It was only a question of time.

Death faced them.

As for air, that was all right. The generators would last for weeks. But starvation would prove their end.

Of course had they found food it would have been impossible to eat it with the helmets on. However, neither was disposed to give up in despair.

The coast was only two miles away. Frank had a pocket compass. He drew this out and made his course as well as he could. Then they set out.

That Barney and Pomp were frantically cruising around for them there was no doubt. There was always the possibility of coming across them.

For hours they stumbled on over the bed of the ocean. Then Frank became satisfied that they were not nearing the shore.

"We might as well give up," he said.

But at that moment Leonidas clutched Frank's arm.

"Look!" he gasped.

A distant star of light was seen. Did it come from the Neptune? They pressed forward rapidly.

And as they neared the spot, a startling scene was revealed.

There were a half dozen ropes and life lines extending to the bottom from above. That number of divers were engaged in digging in the sands.

"By jove," exclaimed Frank, as a comprehension of all burst upon him, "those are the Spanish divers from the deck of the Hidalgo!"

"You are right," exclaimed Leonidas. "Do you believe they have located the Carita's gold?"

"We will soon see!"

But the Spanish divers were now seen to be much excited. They had caught sight of the visitors.

Their attitude at first was hostile, but Frank and Leonidas made signs of amity as they approached. The Spaniards had dug deeply in the sand.

But it could not be seen that they had unearthed anything. To be sure there were a few timbers of a ship lying in the sands.

Frank ventured to draw near enough to open a parley with one of them.

"You are looking for the Carita's gold?"

"Si, senor."

"You have not found it?"

A shake of the head.

"Nor you will not," replied Frank. "I don't believe it will ever be reclaimed; you might as well abandon the quest."

"And leave it to you?"

"To the contrary, we will leave it to you," said Frank, urbanely. "Only tell us the direction to take to reach the shore."

The Spaniard pointed obliquely to the right.

"Go that way," he said. "Jesu have pity on you before you get there!"

"Is it so far?"

"Not far, but you will do well not to lose your way!"

But Frank had set his compass, and now, with Leonidas, set out more confidently for the shore.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ON THE CLIFF—PRISONERS.

AND fortune favored the two lost divers. They climbed on for a long while over slimy rocks and weed-strewn reefs.

Then they suddenly came to a limpid stretch of water over silvery sands. In some way they felt that this must be contiguous to the shore.

Nor were their surmises incorrect.

Suddenly, as the sand sloped, Frank's head came above the verge of the water.

He saw the high, black cliffs, with their palm clumps, of the African coast.

He hastily made for the beach.

Leonidas, much exhausted, followed him.

Here they unscrewed their helmets and sank down somewhat exhausted.

"Whew!" exclaimed the young scientist finally. "How do you feel, Frank?"

"Not the best," replied the young inventor. "That was a terrific tramp."

"Indeed it was. My head rings like a church bell."

"We were certainly very fortunate to escape so luckily. In fact, it is possible that fate has been kinder to us than to Barney and Pomp."

"Eh?" ejaculated Leonidas, in surprise.

"I fear so."

"But why?"

"Well, you see, that same tidal wave which struck us must have struck them."

"But—don't you think the Neptune would stay by her anchor-age?"

"Oh, but she was not anchored."

"She was not?"

"No, and if the wave dashed her against the reef, it is safe to say that she is hardly in shape at this moment for further deep sea cruising. As for Barney and Pomp, you can imagine their position."

Leonidas saw that Frank's face was white and set. There was, indeed, good reason for alarm.

"How shall we ever know about it?" asked the young scientist, huskily.

"There is only one way."

"Ah!"

"If the Neptune appears on the surface we shall know that she is all right and withstood the undertow; if she does not, or is never heard from again, we shall know that all is over."

"That is dreadful!" exclaimed Leonidas, with much agitation. "We must then keep a watch for her appearance. Had we not better find a good high spot commanding the sea? These cliffs for instance?"

"Yes," agreed Frank; "that is our best plan!"

"But if the Neptune does appear how will we signal her? Will Barney and Pomp think of looking here for us?"

"That we must decide later," said Frank. "First, let us get our point of vantage."

"Lead on!"

They approached the cliffs, and Frank soon found an accessible path. Up this they clambered.

It looked as if this part of the coast was entirely uninhabited by human beings. What lay back of the cliffs remained yet to be seen.

Up they climbed and soon had reached a point near the summit. And here a grand view of the sea was had.

"Look!" cried Leonidas, "there is the Spanish war ship yet hunting for the Carita's treasure."

This was true. The Hidalgo lay off shore but a couple of miles, and it was evident that her divers were yet at work at the bottom of the sea.

Whether they were meeting with success or not could only be guessed. However this was, she continued to remain where she was.

But on all the vast expanse no other object was visible. Certainly the Neptune was nowhere to be seen.

If she had indeed come to the surface she had gone down again, and this fact did not help our castaways in the least, nor tend to encourage them.

Their position was not a cheering one.

In an ordinary case they might have appealed to the Spanish crew of the Hidalgo for aid. But in view of certain circumstances this was not deemed advisable.

They stood on the brow of the cliff and vainly scanned the sea in all directions. It was quite useless to look for the Neptune there.

Then they looked at each other.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Leonidas, "it is a hard case for us, eh, Frank?"

"How unfortunate that we did not get back aboard the Neptune before that tidal wave came."

"Indeed, it was fortunate if the Neptune was not dashed to pieces on the reef!"

"That was hardly likely."

"Where is she then?"

"Probably Barney and Pomp are cruising frantically around under water looking for us."

It was a baffling outlook. After all it seemed as if there was no other way but to remain where they were and trust to luck in signaling the Neptune should she appear.

And now for the first time they turned their gaze inland. It was a remarkable scene which they beheld.

The great wild stretch of forest and jungle extended to the base of a distant range of hills. There was no sign of human habitation.

That legions of wild beasts infested this intervening stretch there was not the least particle of doubt. For that matter savage tribes of blacks might also roam these wilds.

Our two adventurers gazed upon the scene for some while. Then Frank noted the sun in the western sky.

"On my word!" he declared. "Night will soon be upon us. I guess we shall have to spend it here, Cram!"

"It looks like it!" said the young scientist, gloomily; "a streak of hard luck. Eh, Frank?"

"You are right!"

"But we must make the best of it. This is the highest point on the cliff. Let us make camp here!"

"All right!"

With this they fell to clearing a spot among the palms for a camp. It did not occur to them that they were exposed to view up on the cliff.

An incident a short while later reminded them of this.

Four of the palms were lopped over with an ax and bound together with thongs. These made an admirable frame for a camp structure.

Huge palm leaves were utilized as thatch to roof the structure. Then Leonidas collected fuel for a fire.

They had no fire-arms, and knowing the danger of an attack from wild beasts, they were sure that their only weapon of defense must be fire.

They were thus so busily engaged that neither of them noted a



surprising fact. A boat had been lowered from the Hidalgo and was coming ashore.

A keen-eyed officer with a glass had detected them upon the cliff. The Spaniards were coming ashore to investigate.

For a moment Frank and Leonidas felt a thrill of alarm. Then the scientist said.

"Pshaw! what harm can they do us? They surely would have no motive."

"Yet I don't trust these Spaniards," said Frank; "let us be on our guard."

"Not a bad idea. I wish we had some fire-arms."

"So do I."

The boat rapidly neared the shore. When it touched the sands four marines and an officer leaped out.

As near as Frank and Leonidas could see, his rank was that of ensign.

Up the cliff came officer and marines. Frank and Leonidas sat unconcerned under the palm-roofed structure. As the five Spaniards appeared on the brow of the cliff neither rose.

They sat quite still, gazing at the visitors as unconcerned and coolly as possible.

The Spanish officer gave a short, sharp order to the marines, and they grounded their carbines.

Then he advanced and saluted. Neither Frank nor Leonidas moved a muscle.

"Captain Diego Duvar has sent for you, senors, to come aboard the Hidalgo," he said in polite Spanish. "I will be your escort."

"Go back and tell Senor Capitan Duvar that we are engaged at present," replied Frank, suavely.

The ensign bowed to the ground.

"My orders are firm," he said; "you must go with us!"

"What! A matter of compulsion, eh?"

"Of choice, if you please; of compulsion, if not. Pardon, senors."

"Well, I like that!" said Frank, angrily. "In what manner are we subservient to your captain or to Spain? We are American citizens, and shall do as we choose."

"I am sorry to give you trouble, senors," said the ensign, "but you must go."

"Must go?"

The ensign bowed.

Frank looked at Leonidas.

Both were exceedingly angry.

"Oh, if we were only armed," said the young scientist.

"We are at their mercy," said Frank, aside.

"I fear so; we must make a big bluff, though. If they take us at all, it must be by force."

"Exactly."

The ensign again bowed profoundly, and pointed to the path. But Frank shook his head.

"If you take us from here," he said, "it must be by force."

"Will the senor resist?"

"To the last."

The ensign unsheathed his sword; he gave quick, sharp orders to his men. They rushed forward.

As the first one came up, Frank knocked him down with his fist. Leonidas gave another a terrific black eye.

But the odds were too great, and they were almost instantly placed *hors du combat* and their arms bound behind them.

Down to the boat they were led and placed in it. Words cannot express Frank's anger.

"I protest against this outrage," he cried, "and you will see that the Spanish government will pay for it!"

"I only obey my orders," said the ensign.

"That is your place, but your commander is a blockhead and a rascal!"

The ensign smiled faintly but made no reply. The boat was now being rowed rapidly toward the Hidalgo.

A few moments more and it was alongside. The prisoners climbed the gangway, and met Captain Duvar on deck. There was an evil smile upon the dark captain's face.

"Well, Senor Americanos," he said, gratingly, "we meet again. This time you will not defy Spain so easily!"

"Yes," cried Frank, "with ten-fold more force. I demand the meaning of this high handed outrage!"

"Tut, tut; go easy, senor," said Duvar, coolly. "It will be very easy for you to secure your liberty. All we ask of you is to deliver up the Carita's manuscript which belongs to Spain. You have got it. If you do not give it up, you shall hang at the yard-arm of this ship!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SPANISH DIVERS.

But what was the fate of the submarine boat and Barney and Pomp?

It was very true that the tidal undertow had struck them even as it had Frank and Leonidas. They had seen it coming some time before, however.

Barney, in the pilot-house, was the first to see and feel it. He saw a great surging of the seaweed forest some distance away and felt the vibration.

Instinctively he turned to look for Frank and Leonidas. But neither of them were in sight.

"Howly murder!" shouted the Celt, "shure there's something awful coming. Luk out fer yesilf, naygur!"

That moment the powerful undercurrent struck the Neptune.

It was as if giant hands had picked the boat up and hurled her onward. How far she had been carried in the powerful current neither ever knew.

But when the current spent itself and she came to a stop, all that could be seen on all hands was a plain of white sand.

The reef was no longer visible. It was some while before either Barney or Pomp recovered himself.

Then the darky began to wail.

"Oh, golly! golly! Marse Frank an' Marse Cram am lost. We neber fin' dem any mo'!"

"Shut up, yez black ape!" cried Barney, angrily. "We'll niver do it, be yelling that way, be sure. Rape yure eye out, fer I'm goin' back to where we shtarted from."

"Massy Lordy, yo' neber kin do dat, chile!" cried Pomp.

"Well, I kin thry!" yelled Barney.

With which he sprung into the pilot-house and closed the door. Then he started the boat back as near as he could judge toward the reef.

On sped the Neptune. But all looked different.

The bed of the ocean was like a new swept floor. It was hard to find any familiar mark.

Barney sought for the reef and the ribs of the sunken vessel. But though he found plenty of reefs very similar, he found no sunken wreck, nor any sign of Frank or Leonidas.

The crushing truth was forced upon him that they were lost. The possibility of finding them was very slight.

It was a terrible thought.

"Och, hone!" wailed the faithful Celt. "I'll niver give thim up whole I kin help it. Shure, we must foind thim!"

Pomp suggested that they go to the surface once in the bare hope that they might have been carried ashore by the wave.

Willing to clutch at even a straw, Barney complied. But though the submarine boat cruised along the shore, no sign of the lost divers could be seen.

This was just before Frank and Leonidas came ashore. The Spanish war vessel was seen, but Barney did not venture near that.

So the Neptune went back to the deep sea and to the quest which both felt to be almost hopeless, yet which they could not abandon.

For hours the Neptune sailed about the bed of the ocean. Barney and Pomp each hung at the pilot-house windows, and sent the search-lights' rays in all directions.

And of a sudden they spied a distant gleam of light. With a gasp Barney put on all speed.

What could the star of light be but the helmet lamp of one of the two lost divers? They were dead sure of it.

"Golly!" cried Pomp, jubilantly. "I'se mighty glad we'se found dem at last! I done hope dat no harm hab come to dem!"

"Shure, I reckon not," said Barney, exultantly; "but yez ought to make up something warm fer thim, naygur."

"Golly! I done reckon we bettah be suah ob our 'possums first!"

"Whist, away wid yez! Av coorse it's thim!" cried Barney, angrily;

"shure, how can yez think anything different?"

"We'se gwine to wait an' see," said Pomp, obdurately.

"Why, yez black freak, don't yez see there couldn't be any other koin'd av a loight undher wather?"

Then Barney ceased speaking. For a moment he could hardly believe his senses.

For there he saw distinctly in the path of the search-light four or five black figures under a mass of tangled lines. It needed but one glance to show him that they were divers, clad in the conventional suit, with life lines and a water-proof lantern.

Not one of them wore a diving-suit like those used by Frank and Leonidas.

This was conclusive proof that the two latter were not of the party.

"Mither av Moses!" gasped Barney. "Who are thim?"

"Golly!" cried Pomp. "I done tole yo' who dey am. Shure, it am de divers from dat Spanish ship!"

"Do yez belave it?"

"Of coorse!"

"Phwat are they doin'?"

"It am easy to see. They am looking fo' de buried gold!"

"Begorra, yez are roight, naygur, and it's mesilf is wrong. Shure, I wondher if they have found the goold?"

"I don't see wha' dey am diggin' heah fo', if dey haben't."

"Nor I, ayther!" replied Barney; "jist the same I'm goin' out an' have a bit av talk wid thim!"

"Wha' yo' do dat fo', chile?"

"Yez couldn't see anything. Why, to foind out if they have seen anything av Mither Frank and Cram, av coorse."

"Oh!" ejaculated Pomp. "Dat am a'right. I done hope yo' fin' out."

"Shure, an' I will, if they don't give me the lie."

Barney brought out a diving suit and quickly donned it. Then he went on the Neptune's deck.

He slid down to the sands below and approached the divers. They had suspended work and regarded Barney with apparent wonderment.

The Celt approached them boldly.

He made signals to the foremost, who suspended work and stepped forward as far as his life line would permit.

Then Barney placed his helmet close to his and shouted:

"Shure, who are yez, an' phwat are yez doin' here?"

The fellow made reply in Spanish. Now Barney had learned just



enough of this language to be able to converse. So he at once replied:

"Yez are lookin' fer sunken gold, senors? Well, yez might foind it, an' more loikely ye'll not."

"Who are you, senor?" asked the diver, making a signal to his companions which Barney did not see.

"Shure, I'm a gintleman loike yerself, an' thravelin' under wather fer me health, bein' as I was sunstruck once," romanced Barney; "but will yez do me a favor?"

"Command me, senor."

"No; I don't want to do that. I'll just ax yez. Have yez seen two gintleman dressed loike me, go this way ferninst the hour?"

The diver nodded eagerly.

"Si, senor."

"Yez have, thin," cried Barney, excitedly; "and which way did they go?"

"Yonder, toward the shore, senor."

"A thousand thanks, and long loife to yez," cried Barney; "shure it's a foine gintleman yez are, an' may yez foind the goold!"

He turned to hastily retrace his steps to the Neptune. But in the meanwhile some things had been going on which might have interested him had he happened to have observed them.

But he did not, nor did he even suspect treachery. However, one of the divers had gone up in the meanwhile, and the others had got around between him and the Neptune.

It was done so carelessly that even Pomp did not suspect anything until all was over.

Then it was too late.

As Barney turned, the diver with whom he had been talking put out a foot and tripped him up.

Barney fell forward, and instantly two of the Spaniards were upon him.

In less times than it takes to tell it he was a prisoner. A strong rope went quickly around his wrists, and the next moment he was being hauled rapidly upward.

Of course he struggled and kicked frantically, but it was of no use. He came up to the surface, and was hauled up the gangway of the war-ship.

When Pomp saw the game of the treacherous Spaniards he was for a moment horrified. Then he let out a yell:

"Hi, hi! Don't yo' gib up, chile! I'se comin' to help yo'! Jes' yo' hol' on, yo' big stuffs!"

Pomp rushed for a diving helmet and threw it over his head. But by the time he had it adjusted and had got out on deck, the divers and Barney had vanished.

The coon was struck all in a heap. He did not know what to do.

If he sent the Neptune to the surface there was the moral certainty that the Spaniards would put a cannon ball through the boat. Yet, what other move was left him?

He was impotent—powerless.

With a groan of horror and dismay he went back aboard the Neptune. Once in the cabin he sat down and tried to think.

What should he do?

His position was a strange and unpleasant one. As he realized that he was the only one of the party left, and that he was quite alone on board the Neptune, a strange sense of loneliness settled down upon him.

It was something horrible to bear. In fact he did not see how he was going to stand it.

"Golly fo' glory!" he gasped; "dis chile was nebber in no sich fix as dis afore! Wha'ebber is I gwine to do?"

He surely could not hope to rescue Barney. A savage spirit of revenge was upon him, and he felt like creeping up under the hull of the Spaniard, and placing a torpedo there.

But he did not dare to do this.

He remembered that Barney was now on board the Spanish ship, and would be one of the victims. No, that plan would not do.

"Oh, golly," groaned the poor coon; "if only Marse Frank was here now! It would help dis chile out a drefful heap!"

But Frank Reade, Jr., at that moment was quite powerless to help Pomp in any way, though he was not so very far away.

And the coon was left to his own resources. How he decided upon a plan of action and what it was, we shall have to leave for another chapter.

It will be in order now to return to Frank Reade, Jr., and Leonidas, and ascertain what their experiences were in the hands of the Spaniards.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE STORM.

THE forcible and even savage declaration of Captain Diego Duvar, of the Hidalgo, that he would hang his prisoners at the yard-arm if they refused to accede to his terms, made Frank doubly angry.

He faced the Spanish captain with flashing eyes, and said:

"If you harm a hair of our heads, Spain will pay dearly for it! Our companions are even now searching for us. They will know our fate, and woe to you if the story is carried home to America!"

The Spanish captain sneered.

"We know you Americans," he said. "You are all blow, but no fight. I am only carrying out the orders of my government. The manuscript was found on Portuguese soil and it belongs to Spain, for the Carita was a Spanish vessel. Once more I demand it!"

"Your demand will not be acceded to," said Frank; "in the first place we have not got the manuscript."

This was true.

It was at the moment lying on the cabin table of the Neptune. Leonidas knew this also.

Captain Duvar's face changed.

"You have not got it?" he asked.

"No!"

"Where is it?"

"I will not answer that question, for it is none of your business."

Duvar's eyes flashed.

"You refuse?"

"I do!"

"Well, I will tell you where it is. Aboard your submarine boat. Agree to produce it and we will allow you to descend and give you your freedom."

Frank snapped his fingers.

"It is idle for you to make threats or propositions," he said. "I demand my liberty as the right of an American citizen. If you refuse me, you will pay dearly for it, I promise you."

Duvar's face was hard and set. His vengeful Spanish nature was fully aroused.

He knew how far he could go. He had no fear of consequences. Far out on that African coast who was there to bear evidence or make an international matter of this? He would see that nobody survived who would be able to do it.

So he turned and made a motion to a file of marines.

They came forward with a salute.

"Run out a plank and fix a line over the yard-arm. All aft for an execution."

The order went through the ship. Files of marines came hurrying out.

Some had arranged the plank, and others made the rope and noose.

It was not an uncommon sight aboard the Hidalgo. Death by hanging was only an ordinary form of punishment.

Besides, the Spanish crew were only too glad to swing the Americans off into space. It was a spirit of hatred.

Frank exchanged glances with Leonidas. He was relieved to see that the young scientist was cool and resolute, though a trifle pale.

"I have no right to throw your life away, Leonidas," said Frank; "if you wish to accede to this coward's request do so."

"Never!" replied Leonidas. "I am not afraid to die!"

The marines came forward to lead the prisoners to their doom. But at this moment a great shout came from the side of the ship.

Up the gangway came a diver with his helmet off.

He sprang on deck, and saluted the captain.

"Captain Duvar, we have to report another prisoner!" he declared. "Shall we bring him aboard?"

"Another prisoner?" cried Duvar. "What do you mean?"

The diver with this told of the capture of Barney. The next moment the Celt, securely bound, was lifted upon the deck.

Here was a situation.

The astonishment of Frank and Leonidas was scarcely greater than the excitement of the war ship's crew.

Barney was left standing beside the other two prisoners while the diver rehearsed his story to Duvar.

"Barney!" exclaimed Frank.

"Whist, sir!" exclaimed the faithful Irishman. "I niver looked to see you here."

"Nor I to see you," returned Frank. "What does it mean?"

"Shure, sor, I wint out to make fair talk wid thim Spanish divers, an' shure they set upon me an' here I am!"

"Where is Pomp?"

"Safe aboard the Neptune, sor."

"And she is right under us at this moment?"

"Shure I think so, sor. But they'll niver enthrap the naygur. Av he knows anything he'll blow a hole in the bottom av this vessel."

"Ah, but he knows we are on board," said Frank.

"Shure that's so," said Barney dismally. "Arrah, what will iver be the ind av it all? Shure we'll niver get out av this scrape alive!"

"Indeed, it looks dubious," agreed Frank.

"At least we can die like men," said Leonidas.

At this moment Duvar went forward to give some orders to his men. It was a bit of a respite.

"Now, Barney," asked Frank, "was the Neptune damaged by that tidal wave?"

"Divil a bit, sor."

"And what have you been doing ever since?"

"Shure looking for yez, sor. We wint iverywhere——"

"Did you go ashore?"

"We wint all along the shore."

"Just as I thought," said Frank to Leonidas. "We were a little too late in getting ashore. It is a great pity, for it would have saved our lives."

"Do you think he will really dare execute us?" asked Leonidas.

"Indeed yes," replied Frank. "It will be his best move to get us out of the way."

"But Pomp——"

"Ah, it is hard to tell what fate may not befall Pomp. If they do



not entrap him, he will at least have no valuable evidence of our fate."

"You are right; we are in a bad box."

It was useless to deny this fact.

The effect upon the spirits of our adventurers was most depressing.

"If we could only get some word to Pomp," said Leonidas. "Can you think of no plan? No matter how desperate it is I am ready for it."

"Shure, we moight make a break an' jump overboard," declared Barney. "Av the naygur saw us he might get us aboard."

"Not practicable," said Frank. "We would drown before we could get anywhere near the vestibule."

"Shure, I hate to hang from that ould yard-arm loike a strangled rat!"

"So do I," agreed Leonidas; "as well die fighting. I am willing to make a break if you all agree."

Barney's bonds had been removed. All three prisoners had full use of their limbs and arms. But Frank, who was doing a heap of thinking, said:

"Keep cool! Something will turn up!"

And something did turn up.

In a lively fashion, too. Suddenly from the maintop came a startling hail in Spanish, to this effect:

"Deck, ho!"

"Aye, aye!" cried the deck officer, as he showed himself to the man aloft.

"Throw your glass to the west, sir, and see that funnel-shaped cloud. It is a tornado, and coming this way lively."

"A tornado!" exclaimed Duvar, as he sprang upon the bridge in alarm. He knew the peril well.

There was no protected bay or inlet of any kind along this section of the coast. The Hidalgo lay exposed in full to a tornado from that quarter.

In that proximity to the shore, the peril was most deadly.

There were only two methods left open. Both were exceedingly hazardous. One was to sail straight into the teeth of the storm, and put to sea as far as possible.

The other was to put out every anchor chain and trust to their strength in riding out the storm. But this was hardly a possible thing.

The Hidalgo was a heavy ship. The anchor chains would snap like strings, and she would go ashore. This was almost a moral certainty.

On the other hand she must make at least four or five miles to seaward to be reasonably sure of keeping off the shore during the tornado. For she could hardly hope to gain or even hold her own against it, and leeway would be needed.

All these things Duvar, who was a skillful sailor, understood. He was quick to accept the best chance.

"Put her to sea!" he called to the helmsman, and sent a signal below to put on all steam. Up came the anchors.

It took some little time to get the ship under way. All this while the funnel-like cloud was racing nearer.

Already the western sky was as black as night. The clouds had obscured the sun, which was just going below the horizon, anyway.

Sharp and shrill the officers' orders went around. Captain Duvar estimated the distance of the tornado and groaned.

It did not look as if they could gain a mile before it would be upon them. In that case the chances of saving the Hidalgo were very small.

The prisoners all this while were not idle.

It is hardly necessary to say that they were considering their own chances of escape. But these were not rosy.

If the Hidalgo went ashore, the chances were that they would be lost as well as the ship's crew, but Barney said:

"Shure, I have me diving helmet here. I cud jist sink to the bottom an' be all roight!"

This was true.

The Spaniards had not taken his helmet or generator away from him as yet. This gave him a chance. It was like the generous-hearted Celt to turn and offer it to Frank.

"Shure, sor!" he cried, "yure loife is worth more than moine! It's betther fer yez to be saved!"

"Never!" cried Frank. "You are kind, Barney, but I cannot accept your offer. All is not lost yet. We may ride out the gale safely. Meanwhile, another chance for escape may offer."

The Spaniards were so absorbed in the struggle for their own safety, that they gave no further heed to the prisoners, until suddenly Duvar chanced to look down and see them.

Then he paused to shout to a couple of marines:

"Take those prisoners below! Lock them in the after cabin!"

The marines sprang forward to execute the order. The next moment a great wave rushed bodily over the ship.

One of the marines went overboard. One clung to the rail and the third lay in the scuppers.

As for the prisoners, Frank was knocked half senseless against the mainmast. Leonidas clung to a halyard and was all right. But Barney—where was he?

There was but one solution. He had gone overboard. Whether he had been able to adjust his helmet in time or not was a question.

If not, then he would be drowned. Otherwise he would go safely to the bottom and possibly rejoin Pomp.

Frank and Leonidas prayed for the latter denouement. But they were now given little time for rumination.

Down came the tornado like a million howling furies. In vain the Hidalgo tried to hold her way.

She was swept back as if she was but a ball of cotton.

Every rushing mountainous wave lifted her perforce and hurled her nearer and nearer to the deadly coast. Had she been ten miles out to sea she might have escaped.

But as it was there could be absolutely no hope for her. Captain Duvar saw this, and his cowardly nature asserted itself.

He rushed down into the cabin and got a life preserver. This he donned and held himself by the rail ready to catch the first wave ashore when she should strike.

Thus he gave up his ship at the very outset. His officers and men were working like heroes. But he clung to the rail with ghastly face and shaking limbs.

Frank and Leonidas had sought refuge in the cabin, for the deck was not tenable. They each donned a life preserver and waited for the crash.

It was sure to come.

Every moment the powerful current hurled the vessel nearer and nearer. In vain the engines worked.

And high above the din rose the thunder of the booming surf. Then there came a terrific shock.

The Hidalgo struck broadside on the sands. She keeled over and great mountainous waves rolled over her. The crew were swept from their posts and not seen again.

Frank and Leonidas, in the cabin, clung to the overturned stair railing. They did not venture out.

As long as the cabin did not fill with water they were safe in their present position. But how long could they hold it?

If they could hold it till the storm should abate they would be all right.

Frank thought he had never seen so savage a storm in his life before.

But it was too furious to last long. Moreover, the mountain waves rushed over the wreck so swiftly that they could not pause to enter the cabin.

And it remained intact. As the best of fortune had it, Frank and Leonidas clung safely to the stair railing till the sea went down.

The tornado had not lasted an hour. But that had been sufficient to seal the doom of the Hidalgo. She would never sail those seas again.

With her proud armament and her arrogant, cruel captain, she was no more. In a short while only her bleaching ribs would be left on the shore.

"Whew!" exclaimed Leonidas, as he crept out of the cabin and essayed to cling to the stump of the mainmast. "She's high and dry, Frank!"

This was true. The water had receded and left her many feet upon the shore. So far as could be seen Frank and Leonidas were the only living survivors.

"We are safe!" cried the young inventor; "fate has done us a good turn."

"You're right!" cried Leonidas; "but what of Barney?"

This was an appalling question. However, no solution could be gained at present. So they decided to go ashore.

This was easy, considering that they were already practically there. But they left the wreck and sprang down upon the sands.

The sea was receding and fast growing pacific. The great tornado had gone on down the coast.

Darkness was shutting rapidly down. There was some driftwood on the beach and Frank and Leonidas proceeded to make a fire. Thus far they seemed to be the only survivors of the wreck.

But that they were not was proved a little later. Suddenly from the darkness there crept into the circle of firelight a half dozen wretched looking marines.

"Mercy, senors!" begged the leader. "We crave your friendship and the light of your fire."

"You are welcome!" cried Frank, heartily; "only give us a hand at bringing some more driftwood."

The castaways were only too glad to accede to this request, and soon a cheery fire was blazing under the cliff shadows. Leonidas was inclined to be distrustful.

"We had better keep an eye on them," he said. "I do not trust these Spaniards."

"We will sleep by turns," said Frank. "I could not refuse them the fire for the sake of humanity."

"That is right," agreed Leonidas.

The Spaniards crouched down on one side of the fire and our adventurers on the other, and thus the night wore on.

Leonidas slept while Frank kept watch—at least, he did not go to sleep, though he reclined in the grateful warmth of the fire.

It was evident that the Spaniards fancied him asleep, for they soon began to talk in whispers, and Frank was not slow to see that they were talking about the Americans.

The young inventor's veins tingled.

"They are up to some mischief," he muttered; "this is what you get for giving such people kind treatment."

## CHAPTER X

### CAST ASHORE.

HORRIFIED, Frank and Leonidas looked around for him. He was gone.



A huge billet of wood was within reach, and this was the only weapon Frank could depend upon. But he was resolved to use it if attacked.

The Spaniards, however, did not seem disposed to make an immediate attack. After a while a couple of them slipped out of the group and vanished in the darkness.

Where they went Frank had no means of knowing. They were gone a long while. When they returned several of them reclined by the embers and slept.

Near morning Leonidas awoke and Frank gained a couple of hours' sleep. With the coming of daybreak all were astir.

The scene viewed from the beach was a dismal one.

The sea had continued its heavy rolling and pounded on the beach with dull boom.

The war-ship yet lay upon her side in the edge of the surf. The sands were strewn with wreckage.

The Spaniards now began to overhaul this. Several cases of provisions were hauled high and dry and also some cases of arms.

Then one of the Spaniards approached Frank, and said:

"Ah, Senor Americano, have you yet decided upon a plan of action? Will you stay here and wait for a passing ship or go on along the coast to find a settlement?"

"I think we shall remain here for awhile," replied Frank; "there is no doubt sustenance for all of us for a long while yet."

The Spaniard's brow lowered, and he mumbled an unintelligible reply. Then he made off in a surly manner. Frank exchanged glances with Leonidas.

"It is just as I thought," said the young inventor; "they are already jealous of us, and want to drive us from this part of the shore."

"We could go," suggested Cram.

"Yes," replied Frank, "but I don't think we had better as yet, for Pomp with the Neptune, may make a show in this locality at any moment. I only wish I knew Barney's fate."

By this time many bodies of the drowned crew began to come ashore. Frank and Leonidas mustered up courage to look for the Celt among them. They were relieved at not finding him.

This gave Frank much hope.

"I believe Barney is all right," he cried; "if so, and he should rejoin the Neptune, we shall be all right yet."

"We will live in that hope," said Leonidas. "I have an idea!"

"What?"

"Let us go out to the wreck and see if we cannot find some pistols or weapons of some kind with which to defend ourselves in case of need. The Spaniards are arming themselves."

"A good idea!" agreed Frank.

So they made their way over the moist sands to the wreck. The tide was high and they were obliged to wade to their waist to reach the deck.

This slanted at an angle of forty-five degrees, but with some effort they managed to climb into the cabin.

There was very little water here, and though all the fixtures were topsy turvy, they were in good condition. In the captain's cabin were found a brace of pistols, some boxes of cartridges and a cutlass. These were appropriated.

The two Americans did not look further. They had found what they wanted, and started to leave the wreck.

And now occurred an incident which for a few moments came near having a very serious result. As the two adventurers swung down from the deck, they came face to face with the six Spaniards.

Their faces were dark and swollen with anger, and the foremost cried:

"American thieves! What right have you to plunder his majesty's ship?"

For a moment both Frank and Leonidas were nonplused. This view of the case had not occurred to them.

"We are not plundering, senor," replied Frank, with dignity. "We are all castaways, and what the sea casts up is the property of him who claims it."

The Spaniard's eyes flashed.

"This ship belongs to the king of Spain," he snapped. "You have no right to take even a peseta from it!"

"We have not taken a peseta," replied Frank, seeing the point at once, "nor one bit of any kind of money. We have simply borrowed these pistols and this sword to protect our lives against any wild beasts which may appear on this wild coast. We will return them, if you desire, to the king of Spain, when we shall have no further use for them."

The Spaniards looked incredulous, but it could be seen that Frank's words had changed the situation.

As long as he had not taken any of the money which might be aboard, he was all right.

"Will you swear that you have not taken a peseta from the ship?" asked the leader of the sextette.

"Why certainly," replied Frank; "we did not look for money, or know that there was any aboard!"

"Caramba! If you have told us the truth you may keep the pistols and the sword. But if we do not find the money, then you shall be hung for thieves."

With which the six Spaniards brushed past Frank and Leonidas and clambered aboard the ship. As the two Americans went back to their fire, Leonidas said:

"On my word, Frank, I believe we had better leave here, or we shall certainly have trouble with these fellows!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### OUTWITTING A VILLAIN.

It was a thrilling moment for Barney when he was washed from the deck of the war ship.

He felt himself picked up by a mountainous wave and carried high in air. His head and shoulders were far enough above submersion, however, to enable him to execute a quick-witted plan.

This was to clasp the helmet cover down over his head and clasp it. The next moment he was carried under the surface.

It was a tremendous and powerful undertow which had him in its clutches. But he was in no fear of drowning now.

Down he went until the force of the undertow ceased, and then he began to sink.

His feet touched the bed of the ocean in perfectly still water. He felt for the button which lit the electric lamp in his helmet.

And now he saw that he had alighted upon a dune of white sand. A colony of huge crabs were gamboling about it, and one of them essayed to pinch the Celt's toes.

But he kicked the creature aside, and then took a mental survey of his position.

"Bejagers," he muttered, "that war ship is bound to go ashore, bad cess to the devils av Spaniards! I only wish Mистер Frank and the professor was here wid me now wid their helmets on."

But to wish for an impossibility was folly, and Barney was far too practical.

He decided to, if possible, find his way to the shore.

Then, if the Hidalgo grounded, he would be there to give what aid he could to his friends should they be able to get ashore. So he at once set out.

He took the direction which he felt sure was the right one.

The bed of the ocean here had that upward shape which would indicate the approach to a shore, and Barney climbed on steadily.

He kept on until he was quite exhausted. Finally he was compelled to halt from sheer overexertion.

It seemed as if he had been an interminable length of time in getting thus far on his journey.

"Be me sowl!" he muttered, sinking down upon a bank of sponge, "it's an awful ways to the shore, I'm afther thinking. Shure, I hope I haven't gone intoirely wrong!"

The terrible fear seized him.

It was an exasperating sense of his impotency, and he was almost in despair.

"Shure, av I had any luck at all," he muttered, "the naygur would show up now wid the Neptune."

As Barney sat upon the sponge bank a strange drowsiness came over him.

There was a crooning lullaby in his ears and he was unable to resist Nature.

Very gradually he sank away to sleep. Soon he was oblivious of all about him.

Once a huge shark passed over him swiftly, and so near that his fluke nearly touched the Celt. But the creature evidently did not see him.

Little bottle-nosed fish came wriggling up and peered in through the glass of his helmet. Crabs pecked away at different parts of his diving-suit, and a great slimy eel coiled around his ankle.

But Barney knew nothing of all this. He slept on for hours.

And while he slept a distant blaze of light lit up the deep sea.

It was a great glaring pathway of radiance and seemed to be every moment drawing nearer. Then its focus changed.

The proportions of a submarine boat, the Neptune, showed up. Nearer it came and passed by not a dozen yards away.

In the pilot-house window was an anxious black face. It hung there steadily while the search went on. But Barney was not seen.

Oh, if the Celt had only been awake then! His rescue would have been quick and certain.

Slowly the submarine boat glided by and then was lost in the distant waste of water. Barney O'Shea never knew how near rescue had come to him during that spell of sleep.

Pomp had done nothing but traverse the ocean floor in the vain quest for Frank and Leonidas. He knew that he was powerless to rescue Barney.

Thus far his quest had resulted in naught. He was completely discouraged and wholly at a loss what to do.

But he was determined to keep up the quest even if it was forever. He would never abandon his young master to such a fate.

He had no knowledge of the fearful tornado which had driven the Hidalgo ashore. At his depth he could not have felt it.

Nor did he know that Frank and Leonidas had gone ashore. The bare idea of such a contingency did not come to him until the next day.

Then a sudden thought occurred to him.

"Massy Lordy!" he muttered, "I've been all ober dis region pooty thorough. Now mebbe dem two gemmen hab reely foun' dere way ashore. If dat should be the case, I've jes' wastin' a heap ob time yere."

With Pomp to think was to act. It is needless to say that he lost no time.

Instantly he pressed the lever and sent the Neptune to the surface. He saw that he was far out to sea.

This surprised him, for he had fancied all the while that he had been in close proximity to the shore.



"Massy Lordy!" he muttered, "dis am berry queer. I don' see how I eber cum out yere! Reckon I bettah get in nearer de land anyway!" So he sent the Neptune in toward the shore, and as he did so, he saw a distant column of white rising from the beach.

He rubbed his eyes.

"Dat ar looks like smoke," he muttered. "Somebody am campin' dere!"

Then a thrill of joy shot through his frame. Who else could it be but those for whom he was searching?

So he put on extra speed, and the Neptune bore down rapidly for the distant column of smoke. And now Pomp saw another object in the foreground.

It lay high on the shore, and he stared at it in amazement. Then he studied it through a glass.

"Fo' de lan's sakes," he muttered, "dat looks lak dat Spanish war-ship! Whar am it doin' dar?"

Too much excited to contain himself, Pomp sent the Neptune ahead. Soon he was near enough to see the wreck fully.

And he also saw forms on the shore. At that distance he could not tell whether they were Spaniards or not.

He was deeply puzzled.

"Wha' ebber wrecked dat ship?" he muttered. "Dere must hab been a storm. But if dat I'ishman was captured and taken aboard dat ship, whar am he now?"

Pomp decided to rup up as near the shore as possible.

This he did, and the result was exciting to at least two persons on the beach.

These were Frank and Leonidas.

At sight of the submarine boat they rushed frantically out into the surf, making signs and shouting.

And Pomp saw them.

He brought his glass to bear on them and then gave a wild whoop. "Massy Lordy! It am Marse Frank and Marse Cram! Whoop-la! dis am fine!"

The darky sent up a signal flag and dropped the Neptune's anchor. Then he rushed to get out a small boat.

It did not take him long, and he was soon pulling for the shore. Of course it left the Neptune alone.

But she was safely anchored, so he had no fears. Nearer the shore he drew.

All this while the party of Spaniards had been watching the scene with interest.

Now it occurred to them that the two Americans were about to find means of transportation from the place. As was natural, they wanted to avail themselves of the same opportunity.

So with shouts they came rushing down into the surf.

"Look out!" said Leonidas, sharply; "they are up to some deviltry, Frank!"

The leader approached Frank with much excitement, and asked:

"What craft is that, senor?"

"The American submarine boat, Neptune," replied Frank; "she has come to take us off!"

"To take us all off!" suggested the Spaniard.

"I think not!"

The Spaniard's brow contracted.

"I say yes, senor!" he said, savagely.

Frank saw that a crisis was at hand. It was certain that they were bound to have trouble with these rascals. The young inventor's anger was up.

"Look here, you contemptible cur!" he said, marching up to the Castilian. "You have attempted to browbeat me for the last time. Now you know that we Americans are dead shots. Be off, everyone of you, out of range, or we will open fire upon you!"

Frank drew his pistols as did Leonidas. It was a tableau worthy of an artist.

In that moment the Spanish leader felt the power of a superior will. He knew that the American was in earnest.

For a moment his frame quivered with insolent rage, then the treachery of his race asserted itself.

He began to cringe and bow, while with one hand behind him, he made a sign to one of his men.

Had the villain's plan succeeded, that might have been Frank Reade, Jr.'s last moment on earth.

But the villain who had been authorized to enact the cowardly game—lost command of his nerve.

He raised his pistol and fired at Frank. Then he dropped it, and with a howl of terror fled.

For the bullet missed its mark. It cut a chink from Frank's collar. An inch nearer and it would have severed his jugular vein.

A lightning gleam sprung from the young inventor's eyes. He acted swifter than thought.

He did not fire at the miserable wretch, who by the treacherous order had tried to take his life. Of him he had no fear.

But he fired point blank at the scoundrel who had given the command he dared not execute himself. The Spanish leader's hand had sped to the handle of his pistol.

But deadly aim was in Frank Reade, Jr.'s eye. He still forebore to take human life. But he withered the treacherous hand.

The bullet struck it full and fair and shattered every bone. Dropping his weapon with a yell of maddened pain, the winged scoundrel reeled back and sank down upon the sands.

There he writhed in agony. Another one of the party had raised his pistol to fire, but Leonidas shattered his wrist.

The other Spaniards, appalled at such an exhibition of marksmanship,

did not attempt to make aggressive action. They beat a precipitate retreat.

The field was won, and with very little bloodshed and no expense of life. By this time Pomp was on the spot.

Frank and Cram sprang into the boat and were quickly on their way to the Neptune. But the young inventor had to give a parting shot.

"When Spain runs up against America she always gets her hands full!" he cried. "The next time you tackle a Yankee be sure he's off his guard! Stab him in the dark!"

With which derisive shot our friends were done with the Spaniards. In a few moments they were on board the Neptune.

Then followed mutual explanations, and Pomp learned Barney's fate for the first time.

The coon was much distressed.

"Oh, massy Lordy!" he cried. "I'se done afeard dat am de las' ob dat I'ishman—we neber see him no mo'!"

"We will scour every part of the sea hereabouts for him!" cried Frank. "I shall not be satisfied that he is dead until I have seen his dead body."

"Amen!" said Leonidas. "We will still cling to hope."

But for the moment all were nigh exhausted, and there was a powerful need of refreshment. Pomp knew well how to supply this.

Then, after a hearty meal, the quest for Barney, the lost member of the party, was begun.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE END.

FRANK and Leonidas sat in the pilot-house, discussing the incidents of the expedition.

"I have had excitement enough for the rest of my life," declared the young scientist. "On my word, we have had a good many tight squeezes thus far!"

Frank laughed.

"You are not fond of adventure?"

"Well, yes, in a moderate form, but I cannot see that we have yet seen the last of this affair," said Leonidas.

"Not until we have found Barney."

"Will we succeed in finding him?"

"I hope so."

"What are the chances?"

Frank made a wry face.

"I would rather not weigh them," he said. "I think a good deal of the man, and I would feel terribly grieved to be assured that he could not be rescued."

"Well," said Leonidas, pointedly, "the main object of our cruise has been a flat failure."

"Ah, what is that?"

"We have not found any trace whatever of the Carita's gold."

"It matters not," replied Frank; "we have found a submarine mine which far exceeds it in value."

Leonidas' eyes glistened.

"Do you think we can find that reef again?" he asked.

"I don't see why not."

"Well," said the young scientist, with a deep breath, "what is the programme? Shall we look for it after we find Barney?"

"Certainly."

This made Leonidas happy. His mind was apparently set upon returning from the Gold Coast with a fortune. The reef of gold made this apparently possible.

Pomp hung to the pilot-house window, keeping the closest kind of a lookout for Barney.

Thus the hours went on, and the submarine boat covered a vast tract.

And something like the futility of despair had begun to settle down upon the spirits of all.

If Barney was really alive and at the bottom of the sea, it looked as if he must there find his death.

Certainly nothing more could be done than had already been resorted to. But at the very eleventh hour, when hope was almost abandoned, the tables turned.

The ship sailed between two great ledges of reef. As Pomp sent the search-light's rays here and there, a sudden, hoarse cry escaped him.

From the depths of a coral grotto a man's form reeled forth. He had on a diver's helmet.

To Pomp that form was familiar.

"Barney!" he yelled.

In an instant Frank and Leonidas were by his side. The Neptune came to an instant halt.

And the next moment over the rail clambered the lost Irishman, and staggered into the vestibule. A moment later he was in the cabin.

Frank tore off his helmet. He was pale, and his eyes glassy.

"Barney!" cried the young inventor, "thank God you are safe!"

"Yis, sor!" whispered the Celt; "but I was moighty sick, sor. It's glad I am to be wid yez wanst more. Shure, I thought I'd niver do it."

Pomp fell upon his colleague's shoulder, and wept and laughed in turn. Then Barney was put to bed.

He was given stimulants and soon was much improved. It was a joyful time for all.

"Well!" cried Frank, "we're all together once more. Now let us not get separated again."

"Not if we can help it," said Leonidas.

"And I think we can. It is now in order to find the reef of gold!"



"Golly, Marse Frank," said Pomp, "dere am some kin' ob a big old-fashioned ship jest over yender. 'Pears like ye' might want to squint yo' eye at dat."

"A sunken ship?" cried Cram; "perhaps it is the Carita."

"Beggorra, I'm thyrin' to tell ye," hoarsely whispered Barney. "I'm afther thinkin' it's the ship yez are lukin' for. Shure, I wint aboard av her an' there's goold and silver to burn in one of her cabins. She's wan av thim ould Spanish ships!"

"The Carita," shouted Leonidas, wildly. "At last! Luck is with us!"

Nothing could restrain the young scientist after this. The sunken ship was easily located.

She lay in a cleft between the reefs and seemed a solid part of them, which explained possibly why she had not been discovered before.

That it was really the Carita was quickly proved. Frank and Leonidas put on their diving armor and boarded her.

It was found extremely dangerous work, as her timbers were very rotten and gave way beneath the slightest pressure.

But they used care and managed to descend into her cabin.

And here on a long table were found the bags of gold as described by the Spanish Chronicle. But there were not forty of them by any means.

Ten of them were all that could be found. So rotten had the texture of the bags become that the weight of the gold had burst them, and the coin was spread upon the table.

It was easy to picture how the Spanish captain had brought out the treasure when pursued by the Dutch, so that they might easily make away to the shore with it.

That the remaining bags had been taken by the crew in a vain attempt to get ashore, there was no doubt. This explained their disappearance.

However, a large fortune yet remained, and as Leonidas helped to remove it to the Neptune he was satisfied.

He also possessed himself of divers other relics belonging to the ship.

When the job was finished, and the gold had all been transported safely to the cabin of the Neptune, the counting process begun.

And judging the treasure by its weight and quality, Frank Reade, Jr., made the announcement:

"In my opinion it is worth about ninety thousand dollars. A fair fortune."

"But not a million," said Leonidas.

"Oh, well, you ought to be satisfied."

"I am," replied the young scientist, cheerily. "Now let us divide it equally."

"No!"

"I beg pardon! Of course, the lion's share belongs to you!"

"You misunderstand me," said Frank; "I am not a treasure hunter. I have wealth enough for my needs. Give Barney and Pomp ten thousand each, and the remaining seventy thousand is yours."

Leonidas was speechless.

This act seemed to him like one of unparalleled generosity.

But Frank insisted, and he could only say:

"I am more deeply indebted to you than words can express. If this fortune enables me to continue my researches and accomplish some end of benefit to my fellow men I shall be happy. It is all that I want it for."

"I know it," said Frank; "and I feel sure that my share is well invested. I shall watch your career with interest."

Leonidas Cram was a happy man. He had now a natural longing for home.

But Frank had a desire to relocate the reef of gold.

"It is not my own ends," he said; "but it may be of value to know of its exact location. Some good may come of it."

But, though they cruised for days, they could not again locate the reef of gold.

This seemed indeed strange.

But Frank hit upon the solution.

He found evidences of a submarine upheaval which satisfied him as to the fate of the reef.

"I can tell you what became of it," he said, sagely. "The tidal wave we experienced, and which separated us for a time, was caused by an earthquake. Now in that convulsion the reef sunk into the earth, and the sands of the ocean bed have covered it up, so that the reef of gold is past reclamation."

Leonidas drew a deep sigh.

"That is too bad," he said; "and yet it would have created strife no doubt if it had remained accessible."

"Not the least doubt," said Frank—"just as the Carita's gold did. Spain has lost one of her best war ships in that inordinate greed for treasure. I say peace to the buried ashes of the sunken reef! May it not be resurrected in our day!"

"Amen!" cried Leonidas. "And now—what is the verdict?"

"Home!"

"To America?"

"Certainly."

"Magic word!"

Barney danced a jig, and Pomp turned a flip-flap. Frank went to the pilot-house and set the course.

An hour later, the Neptune was out of sight of land, and giving the Gulf of Guinea the dust or spray from her flying heels.

Frank did not let up speed once until they entered the harbor of Liverpool.

Then while ashore he purchased a copy of a London paper. Almost the first thing his gaze rested upon was a most startling headline.

"Loss of a Spanish war-ship!"

"The fine cruiser Hidalgo wrecked on the African coast by a tornado. Only six members of her crew live to tell the story!"

And then followed a long and not absolutely correct story of the Hidalgo's loss, but for some reason no mention was made of the submarine voyagers or the quest for the Carita's gold.

This part of the story had no doubt been suppressed by the Spanish government for quite obvious reasons.

Frank brought the account aboard and read it.

"Oh, well," cried Leonidas, "the Spanish authorities are wise, indeed, in not mentioning the details of the affair. It would not reflect credit upon them."

And so all were agreed.

But the stay in Liverpool was necessarily brief, and the Neptune one morning dropped out of the Mersey and started for home.

Straight across the Atlantic she sailed until one day Sandy Hook was sighted. Then she entered the port of New York.

The Carita's gold went to the assay office and later was sold, netting, as Frank had declared, nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Leonidas Cram was made intensely happy.

But now that America was reached the party could not be expected to hold together much longer. But Frank gave Cram a hearty invitation to Readestown, which was accepted.

The Neptune's objective point had been Cape Town.

She did not reach there, for the experiences in the Gulf of Guinea had furnished the young inventor with sufficient excitement for a time.

He was desirous of getting back to his machine shop and his studies again, so he set out for Readestown.

A few days later the Neptune was in the little river which led up to Readestown. Soon that pleasant little city hove in view.

From the river a canal led into the yard of the machine works where Frank's inventions were patented.

This connected with a basin or tank where the Neptune had been launched. Into this she now returned.

All the workmen and the townspeople were glad to welcome the voyagers back. An ovation followed.

And when the story of the trip came out, thousands visited the yard to see the Neptune and hear Barney and Pomp give their account of their adventures.

It was truly a wonderful narrative, but Frank Reade, Jr., only laughed, and said:

"Wait until you see my next invention. I have other fields to conquer, and you shall hear from it very soon."

"Bejagers, I hope we'll take a thrip in the air next," cried Barney.

"Golly, yo' aspire to lofty fings, don' yo' 'fish?" commented Pomp, whereat the two indulged in a rough and tumble.

Frank at once put the Neptune out of commission.

"I may never sail her again," he said; "her machinery is greatly worn, and her hull somewhat strained. Oh, wait until you see my next submarine boat!"

And we will ask of the reader to also wait. We have followed the submarine voyagers successfully through their thrilling vicissitudes in the Gulf of Guinea.

That the next expedition may prove as adventurous, is all we need ask. Until that time let us write an adieu.

[THE END.]

## Useful and Instructive Books.

**THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of Stump Speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also End Men's Jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of price, by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. P. O. Box 2730

**HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.**—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.**—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for introduction. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.



# Frank Tousey's Hand Books.

Containing Useful Information on Almost Every Subject Under the Sun. Price 10 Cents Per Copy

## No. 1. Napoleon's Oraculum and Dream Book.

Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

## No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.

The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy, as it will both amuse and instruct. Price 10 cents.

## No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.

The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtations, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one. Price 10 cents.

## No. 4. HOW TO DANCE

Is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances. The price is 10 cents.

## No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.

A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. Price 10 cents.

## No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.

Giving full instruction for the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book. Price 10 cents.

## No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.

Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parakeet, parrot, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

## No. 8. HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.

A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled. Price 10 cents.

## No. 9. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.

By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it. Price 10 cents.

## No. 10. HOW TO BOX.

The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Price 10 cents.

## No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.

A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old. Price 10 cents.

## No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.

Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also, letters of introduction, notes and requests. Price 10 cents.

## No. 13. How to Do It; or, Book of Etiquette.

It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. Send 10 cents and get it. There's happiness in it.

## No. 14. HOW TO MAKE CANDY.

A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

## No. 15. HOW TO BECOME RICH.

This wonderful book presents you with the example and life experience of some of the most noted and wealthy men in the world, including the self-made men of our country. The book is edited by one of the most successful men of the present age, whose own example is in itself guide enough for those who aspire to fame and money. The book will give you the secret. Price 10 cents.

## No. 16. HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.

Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents.

## No. 17. HOW TO DRESS.

Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up. Price 10 cents.

## No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.

One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful. Price 10 cents.

## No. 19. FRANK TOUSEY'S United States Distance Tables, Pocket Companion and Guide.

Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also, table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published. Price 10 cents.

## No. 20. How to Entertain an Evening Party.

A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card-diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Price 10 cents.

## No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.

The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents.

## No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.

Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight. Price 10 cents.

## No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.

Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate. Price 10 cents.

## No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.

Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction. Price 10 cents.

## No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.

Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book. Price 10 cents.

## No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.

Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating. Price 10 cents.

## No. 27. HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.

Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings. Price 10 cents.

## No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.

Every one is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortunes of your friends. Price 10 cents.

## No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.

Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents.

## No. 30. HOW TO COOK.

One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks. Only 10 cents per copy.

## No. 31. HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.

Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. Price 10 cents.

## No. 32. HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE.

Handsomely illustrated, and containing full directions for mounting, riding and managing a bicycle, fully explained with practical illustrations; also directions for picking out a machine. Price 10 cents.

## No. 33. HOW TO BEHAVE.

Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theater, church, and in the drawing room. Price 10 cents.

## No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.

Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

## No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.

A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc. Price 10 cents.

## No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.

Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings. Price 10 cents.

## No. 37. HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.

It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, æolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds. Price 10 cents.

## No. 38. HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.

A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints. Price 10 cents.

## No. 39. How to Raise Dogs, Poultry, Pigeons and Rabbits.

A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowlaw. Price 10 cents.

## No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.

Including hints on how to catch Moles, Weasels, Otters, Rats, Squirrels and Birds. Also how to cure Skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene. Price 10 cents.

## No. 41. The Boys of New York End Men's Joke Book.

Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book. Price 10 cents.

## No. 42. The Boys of New York Stump Speaker.

Containing a varied assortment of Stump Speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also End Men's Jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows. Price 10 cents.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price. Address

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.



# LATEST ISSUES OF THE FIVE CENT COMIC LIBRARY.

- 57 Two Hard Nuts; or, A Term of Fun at Dr. Crackem's Academy, by Sam Smiley
- 58 The Shortys' Country Store, by Peter Pad
- 59 Muldoon's Vacation, by Tom Teaser
- 60 Jack Hawser's Tavern, by Peter Pad
- 61 Ikey; or, He Never Got Left, by Tom Teaser
- 62 Joseph Jump and His Old Blind Nag, by Peter Pad
- 63 Two in a Box; or, The Long and Short of It, by Tom Teaser
- 64 The Shorty Kids; or, Three Chips of Three Old Blocks, by Peter Pad
- 65 Mike McGuinness; or, Traveling for Pleasure, by Tom Teaser
- 66 The Shortys' Christmas Snaps, by Peter Pad
- 67 The Bounce Twins, or, The Two Worst Boys in the World, by Sam Smiley
- 68 Nimble Nip, the Imp of the School, by Tom Teaser
- 69 Sam Spry, the New York Drummer; or, Business Before Pleasure, by Peter Pad
- 70 Muldoon Out West, by Tom Teaser
- 71 Those Quiet Twins, by Peter Pad
- 72 Muldoon, the Fireman, by Tom Teaser
- 73 A Rolling Stone; or, Jack Ready's Life of Fun, by Peter Pad
- 74 An Old Boy; or, Maloney After Education, by Tom Teaser
- 75 Tambling Tim; or, Traveling With a Circus, by Peter Pad
- 76 Judge Cleary's Country Court, by Tom Teaser
- 77 Jack Ready's School Scrapes, by Peter Pad
- 78 Muldoon, the Solid Man, by Tom Teaser
- 79 Joe Junk, the Wualer; or, Anywhere for Fun, by Peter Pad
- 80 The Deacon's Son; or, The Imp of the Village, by Tom Teaser
- 81 Behind the Scenes; or, Out With a New York Combination, by Peter Pad
- 82 The Fanny Four, by Peter Pad
- 83 Muldoon's Base Ball Club, by Tom Teaser
- 84 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Boston, by Tom Teaser
- 85 A Bad Egg; or, Hard to Crack, by Tom Teaser
- 86 Sam; or, The Troublesome Foundling, by Peter Pad
- 87 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Philadelphia, by Tom Teaser
- 88 Jimmy Grimes; or, Sharp, Smart and Sassy, by Tom Teaser
- 89 Little Tommy Bounce; or, Something Like His Dad, by Peter Pad
- 90 Muldoon's Picnic, by Tom Teaser
- 91 Little Tommy Bounce on His Travels; or, Doing America for Fun, by Peter Pad

- 92 Boarding-School; or, Sam Bowser at Work and Play, by Peter Pad
- 93 Next Door; or, The Irish Twins, by Tom Teaser
- 94 The Aldermen Sweeneys of New York, by Tom Teaser
- 95 A Bad Boy's Note Book, by Ed
- 96 A Bad Boy's School, by Ed
- 97 Jimmy Grimes, Jr.; or, the Torment of the Village, by Tom Teaser
- 98 Jack and Jim; or, Rackets and Scrapes at School, by Tom Teaser
- 99 The Book Agent's Luck, by Ed
- 100 Muldoon's Boarding House, by Tom Teaser
- 101 Muldoon's Brother Dan, by Tom Teaser
- 102 The Traveling Dude; or, The Comical Adventures of Clarence Fitz Roy Jones, by Tom Teaser
- 103 Senator Muldoon, by Tom Teaser
- 104 The Shortys' Minstrels; or, Working the Same Old Rackets, by Peter Pad
- 105 The Comical Adventures of Two Dudes, by Tom Teaser
- 106 Muldoon, the Cop. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 107 Muldoon, the Cop. Part II, by Tom Teaser
- 108 Billy Moss; or, From One Thing to Another, by Tom Teaser
- 109 Truthful Jack; or, On Board the Nancy Jane, Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 110 Fred Fresh; or, As Green as Grass, by Tom Teaser
- 111 The Deacon's Boy; or, The Worst in Town, by Peter Pad
- 112 Johnny Brown & Co. at School; or, The Deacon's Boy at His Old Tricks, by Peter Pad
- 113 Jim, Jack and Jim; or, Three Hard Nuts to Crack, by Tom Teaser
- 114 Smart & Co., the Boy Peddlers, by Peter Pad
- 115 The Two Boy Clowns; or, A Summer With a Circus, by Tom Teaser
- 116 Benny Bounce; or, A Block of the Old Chipp, by Peter Pad
- 117 Young Dick Plunket; or, The Trials and Tribulations of Ebenezer Crow, by Sam Smiley
- 118 Muldoon in Ireland; or, The Solid Man on the Old Sod, by Tom Teaser
- 119 Muldoon's Grocery Store. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 120 Muldoon's Grocery Store. Part II, by Tom Teaser
- 121 Bob Bright; or, A Boy of Business and Fun, by Tom Teaser
- 122 Bob Bright; or, A Boy of Business and Fun. Part II, by Tom Teaser
- 123 Muldoon's Trip Around the World. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 124 Muldoon's Trip Around the World. Part II, by Tom Teaser

- 125 Muldoon's Hotel. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 126 Muldoon's Hotel. Part II, by Tom Teaser
- 127 Muldoon's Christmas, by Tom Teaser
- 128 The Shortys' Christmas Rackets, by Peter Pad
- 129 Sam Smart, Jr.; or, Following in the Footsteps of His Dad. Part I, by Peter Pad
- 130 Sam Smart, Jr.; or, Following in the Footsteps of His Dad. Part II, by Peter Pad
- 131 Three of Us; or, Hustling for Boodle and Fun. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 132 Three of Us; or, Hustling for Boodle and Fun. Part II, by Tom Teaser
- 133 Out For Fun; or, Six Months With a Show, by Peter Pad
- 134 Dick Duck, the Boss of the Town, by Tom Teaser
- 135 The Shortys Doing Europe; or, On a Grand Tour for Fun. Part I, by Sam Smiley
- 136 The Shortys Doing Europe; or, On a Grand Tour for Fun. Part II, by Sam Smiley
- 137 Aunt Maria; or, She Thought She Knew It All, by Sam Smiley
- 138 Muldoon in Chicago; or, The Solid Man at the World's Fair, by Tom Teaser
- 139 Cousin Harry; or, An English Boy in America. Part I, by Sam Smiley
- 140 Cousin Harry; or, An English Boy in America. Part II, by Sam Smiley
- 141 A New Tommy Bounce; or, The Worst of the Lot. Part I, by Sam Smiley
- 142 A New Tommy Bounce; or, The Worst of the Lot. Part II, by Sam Smiley
- 143 Stump; or, "Little, But, Oh, My!" Part I, by Peter Pad
- 144 Stump; or, "Little, But, Oh, My!" Part II, by Peter Pad
- 145 Shoo-Fly; or, Nobody's Moke. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 146 Shoo-Fly; or, Nobody's Moke. Part II, by Tom Teaser
- 147 Chips and Chin Chin, the Two Orphans. Part I, by Peter Pad
- 148 Chips and Chin Chin, the Two Orphans. Part II, by Peter Pad
- 149 The Shortys on the Road; or, In the Old Business Just for Fun. Part I, by Peter Pad
- 150 The Shortys on the Road; or, In the Old Business Just for Fun. Part II, by Peter Pad
- 151 Our Willie; or, The Last of the Fitz-Herberts, by Tom Teaser
- 152 Plaster and Stickem; or, Out For the Stuff, by Sam Smiley
- 153 Muldoon's Flats. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 154 Muldoon's Flats. Part II, by Tom Teaser

All the above libraries are for sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address

P. O. Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.

## LATEST ISSUES OF THE FRANK READE LIBRARY.

By "NONAME."

- 77 Frank Reade, Jr. Exploring a Submarine Mountain; or, Lost at the Bottom of the Sea.
- 78 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Buckboard; or, Thrilling Adventures in North Australia.
- 79 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Sea Serpent; or, Six Thousand Miles Under the Sea.
- 80 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Explorer; or, The Underground City of the Sahara.
- 81 Frank Reade, Jr.'s New Electric Air-Ship the "Zephyr"; or, From North to South Around the Globe. Part I.
- 82 Frank Reade, Jr.'s New Electric Air-Ship, the "Zephyr"; or, From North to South Around the Globe. Part II.
- 83 Across the Frozen Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Snow Out.
- 84 Lost in the Great Atlantic Valley; or, Frank Reade, Jr., and His Submarine Wonder, the "Dart."
- 85 Frank Reade, Jr., and His New Electric Air-Ship, the "Eclipse"; or, Fighting the Chinese Pirates. Part I.
- 86 Frank Reade, Jr., and His New Electric Air-Ship, the "Eclipse"; or, Fighting the Chinese Pirates. Part II.
- 87 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Clipper of the Prairie; or, Fighting the Apaches in the Far Southwest.
- 88 Under the Amazon for a Thousand Miles; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Wonderful Trip.
- 89 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Silver Whale; or, Under the Ocean in the Electric "Dolphin."
- 90 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Catamaran of the Air; or, Wild and Wonderful Adventures in North Australia.
- 91 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search For a Lost Map in His Latest Air Wonder.
- 92 Frank Reade, Jr., in Central India; or, The Search For the Lost Savants.
- 93 The Missing Island; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Wonderful Trip Under the Deep Sea.
- 94 Over the Andes With Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Air-Ship; or, Wild Adventures in Peru.
- 95 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Prairie Whirlwind; or, The Mystery of the Hidden Canyon.
- 96 Under the Yellow Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Cave of Pearls With His New Submarine Cruiser.
- 97 Around the Horizon for Ten Thousand Miles; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Wonderful Trip With His Air-Ship.
- 98 Frank Reade, Jr.'s "Sky Scrapper"; or, North and South Around the World.
- 99 Under the Equator from Ecuador to Borneo; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Submarine Voyage.
- 100 From Coast to Coast; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Trip Across Africa in His Electric "Boomerang."
- 101 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Car; or, Outwitting a Desperate Gang.

- 102 Lost in the Mountains of the Moon; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Trip With His New Air-Ship, the "Scud."
- 103 100 Miles Below the Surface of the Sea; or, The Marvelous Trip of Frank Reade, Jr.'s "Hard-Shell" Submarine Boat.
- 104 Abandoned in Alaska; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Thrilling Search for a Lost Gold Claim With His New Electric Wagon.
- 105 Around the Arctic Circle; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Famous Trip With His Air-Ship, the "Orbit."
- 106 Under Four Oceans; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Chase of a "Sea Devil."
- 107 From the Nile to the Niger; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Lost in the Sudan With His "Overland Omnibus."
- 108 The Chase of a Comet; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Trip With His New Air-Ship the "Flash."
- 109 Lost in the Great Undertow; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Cruise in the Gulf Stream.
- 110 From Tropic to Tropic; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Latest Tour With His Bicycle Car.
- 111 To the End of the Earth in an Air-Ship; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Mid-Air Flight.
- 112 The Underground Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Subterranean Cruise in His Submarine Boat.
- 113 The Mysterious Mirage; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Search for a Secret City With His New Overland Chaise.
- 114 The Electric Island; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Greatest Wonder on Earth With His Air-Ship, the "Flight."
- 115 For Six Weeks Buried in a Deep Sea Cave; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Submarine Search.
- 116 The Gallion's Gold; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Deep Sea Search.
- 117 Across Australia With Frank Reade, Jr. in His New Electric Car; or, Wonderful Adventures in the Antipodes.
- 118 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Flying Machine; or, Fighting the Terror of the Coast.
- 119 On the Great Meridian With Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Air-Ship; or, A Twenty-Five Thousand Mile Trip in Mid-Air.
- 120 Under the Indian Ocean With Frank Reade, Jr.; or, A Cruise in a Submarine Boat.
- 121 Astray in the Selvas; or, The Wild Experiences of Frank Reade, Jr., Barney and Pomp, in South America With the Electric Cab.
- 122 Lost in a Comet's Tail; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Adventure With His New Air-Ship.
- 123 Six Sunken Pirates; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvelous Adventures in the Deep Sea.
- 124 Beyond the Gold Coast; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Overland Trip With His Electric Phaeton.

- 125 Latitude 90°; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Mid-Air Flight.
- 126 Afloat in a Sunken Forest; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., on a Submarine Cruise.
- 127 Across the Desert of Fire; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvelous Trip to a Strange Country.
- 128 Over Two Continents; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Long Distance Flight With His New Air-Ship.
- 129 The Coral Labyrinth; or, Lost With Frank Reade, Jr., in a Deep Sea Cave.
- 130 Along the Orinoco; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in Venezuela.
- 131 Across the Earth; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Latest Trip With His New Air-Ship.
- 132 1,000 Fathoms Deep; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in the Yucatan Channel With His New Submarine Yacht the "Sea Diver."
- 133 The Island in the Air; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Trip to the Tropics.
- 134 In the Wild Man's Land; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in the Heart of Australia.
- 135 The Sunken Isthmus; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in the Yucatan Channel With His New Submarine Yacht the "Sea Diver."
- 136 The Lost Caravan; or, Frank Reade, Jr., on the Staked Plains With His "Electric Racer."
- 137 The Transient Lake; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Adventures in a Mysterious Country With His New Air-Ship, the "Spectre."
- 138 The Weird Island; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Submarine Search for a Deep Sea Wonder.
- 139 The Abandoned Country; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring a New Continent.
- 140 Over the Steppes; or, Adrift in Asia With Frank Reade, Jr.
- 141 The Unknown Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Underwater Cruise.
- 142 In the Black Zone; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Quest for the Mountain of Ivory.
- 143 The Lost Navigators; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Mid-Air Search With His New Air-Ship, the "Sky Flyer."
- 144 The Magic Island; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Deep Sea Trip of Mystery.
- 145 Through the Tropics; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Adventures in the Gran Chaco.
- 146 In White Latitudes; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Ten Thousand Mile Flight Over the Frozen North.
- 147 Below the Sahara; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring an Underground River With His Submarine Boat.
- 148 The Black Mogul; or, Through India With Frank Reade, Jr., Aboard His "Electric Boomer."
- 149 The Missing Planet; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Quest for a Fallen Star With His New Air-Ship, the "Zenith."
- 150 The Black Squadron; or, Frank Reade, Jr., in the Indian Ocean With His Submarine Boat the "Rocket."

For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of the price, 5 cents. Address

P. O. Box 2730

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.